

THE
LEGEND
OF
Captain *FONES*:

RELATING

His adventure to Sea: His first landing; and
strange Combat with a mighty Bear.

His furious Battel, with his six and thirty men;
against the Army of eleven Kings, with their
overthrow and deaths.

His relieving of *Kemper* Castle.

His strange and admirable Sea-fight with six
huge Gallies of *Spain*, and nine thousand
Souldiers.


His being taken Prisoner, and hard Usage.

Lastly, His being set at Liberty by the Kings com-
mand, and return for *England*.

by David Lloyd, esq. D^r of Lth Seraph.

LONDON,

Printed for E. Okes, and Francis Haley, and are to be
sold in *Well-yard*, near *West Smith-field*, and at
the upper end of *Chancery lane*, next
Holborn, 1671.

These 2 Parts, says Ant. Wood
are written in very good Bur-
lesque, in imitation of a Dele
Poem, call'd Owdt Richard
John Greenlow  Capt. Jones
lived in the times of Lu. Eliz.

stood — "but achievements, which
to one I could believe & le-
gend of Captain Jones, might
not be incredible. I have
heard, & there was indeed such
a Captain, an honest brave fel-
low: but a bag, I had a
mind to be marry with him,
hath quite spoiled his history."
And. Marvell! Reluctant



FAmes windy trump blew up this haughty mind
To do or wish, to do what here you find:
Twas ne're held error yet in errant Knights
(which priviledge he claims) to dress their fights
In high hyperbolies: for youths example,
To make their minds, as they grow men, grow ample.
Thus such atchievements are assaid and done
As pass the common power and sence of man.
Then let high spirits strive to imitate,
Not what he did, but what he doth relate.





The LEGEND of CAPTAIN JONES : the first & 2^d part .



THE
LEGEND
OF
Captain FOMES:

RELATING

His adventure to Sea: His first landing; and
strange Combat with a mighty Bear.

His furious Battel, with his six and thirty men;
against the Army of eleven Kings, with their
overthrow and deaths.

His relieving of *Kemper Castle*.

His strange and admirable Sea-fight with six
huge Gallies of *Spain*, and nine thousand
Souldiers.

His being taken Prisoner, and hard Usage.

Lastly, His being set at Liberty by the Kings com-
mand, and return for *England*.

By David Lloyd, esq. D^r of C^t Lincolⁿ.

LONDON,

Printed for E. Okes, and Francis Halsey, and are to be
sold in *Well-yard*, near *West Smith-field*, and at
the upper end of *Chancery lane*, next
Holborn, 1671.



45
6. 30.
154

To the READER.

Readers, y^e have here the *Mirroure of the times*,
Old Jones wrapt in his colours, and myrimes.
Receive him fairly (pray) nor censure how.
Or what he tells: the matter hee'l avow.
And for the form he speks in, I'll maintain it;
It comes as neer his Vain as I could strain it.
For 'twere improper to set forth an Asse
Capparison'd, and pannel a great Horse.
My part claims no inventions praise: for (know it)
where ere there's fiction in't, there he's the Poet.
His last deeds here epitomiz'd, intreat
Some thundring pen to set them forth compleat.
Let him whose lofty Muse will deigne to do it,
Drink Sack and Gunpowder, and so fall to it.

TO THE HONORABLE
MEMBERS OF THE
LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL

IN SENATE

Presented by the
Honorable Mr. [Name]
[Text continues with faint, mostly illegible text, likely a report or bill introduction.]

Ιῶνις Ἐρυθραίνόμενος.

ΝΙΚΗΣΑΣ ΠΑΛΙ ΠΟΛΛΑ ΠΟΛΥΘΕΥΛΛΗΤΟ Ιῶνις
 Εὐνεα. κεκμηκὼς εἰς κελεὸν ὅσε μάχαιον,
 Καὶ δόμον εἰς Αἰδαο ἔβη μὲν μόρσιμον ἡμᾶρ
 Ὀφιν ἐρυθρίαν, ἐν φοινίσσοντο παρειαὶ
 Ἐκπαύλας, ἀκροφῆνός δ' ἐρυθράνετο σήλη·
 Οἱ δ' ὑποχθόνιοι πάντες θαμβήσαν ἰδόντες
 Τὴν ἐν ῥίνι χεῖρην, τὴν ἐν φλογόεντι πρῶτάῳ·
 Καὶ πόθεν ἢ τι παθὼν ταύτας ὀλοφυγδόντας ἔσχε
 Θαυμάζον δνάμει, ἥ δ' ἐπλετο πᾶσιν ἡ αὐτὴ·
 Οἱ γὰρ ἀπ' ἐνδαπίοιο πότρου χεῖρμα γένεσθαι
 Εὐστόχεον, πίνειν γὰρ ἐθήζετο ὄρεα, ἠδ' ἐ
 Ἐσπέρειο, πίνεσκε πολὺ, πίνεσκε ἥ πυκνά·
 Τῶν μὲν αἰναίθετο ὄφιν ἀφ' ἡπαίτο αἰθαμένοιο·
 Οἱ δ' ἄλλοι ὥοντο μο λῶμενον ἐν πολέμοιο
 Ἔσθ' ἀνελθικασίες, καὶ γείτοντο ἡελίοιο
 Τὸς τε παρειαὶ καὶ λῶς, καὶ ῥίνα κεκαῦθαι.
 Τῷ δ' ἑπείθετο λόγον ἑσ' Ἀσκληπιοῦ ἄλλον
 Ἐν αἰλί τρεῖς λυκάβαντας ἰῶνις δεινὰ πέπονθε
 Πλαζόμενος, νήσος δ' ἐδίξετο Τηλόδ' ἔσσης·
 Ἠδέο ἀντ' οἶντος, ἀνθ' ὕδατος, ἀντὶ δ' ἡδερμι

Οὐρανὸν ἔπινε μόνον, καὶ αὐτὸς καὶ ὁμήλυδες ἄνδρες.
Ἄλτ' ἐθερμαίνουσα πόσις τὸ πρόσωπον ἐφλέξε·
Ὡς φάτο, καὶ Μίνως ὁ δικαστὴρ ἄντιον ἰνδα,
Τίφθ' ἀφ' αἵματός περὶ φλυαρεῖς Ἀσκληπίε; ἔδ' ἐν
Οὐτ' οἶνοφλυγίας ὁρᾷς σημεῖον, ἢ ἔρως
Πηγμένον τέλειες, φοιβήεις ἔδ' ἐκαὶ ἄσπερος,
Ἄει σώφροσύνῃς Ἡρώς ἐξ μεμνηλε καὶ αἰδῶς,
Ὁαύματα γὰρ ῥ' ἔζων καὶ ὑπερβαίνοντα πενιχρῶν
Ἀνδρῶν πῖσιν ψυχῶν ἐφοβεῖτο κε μή πως
Ψευδόμενον φαίνοιτο, τὴ δ' αἰτιὸν ἔστιν ἐρεῦδος
Τῷτο ἀκρόντέσσιν ἀρέσκειο γνώμη ἀνακτὸς
Ἐλυσίαις πεδίοισι γέλως καὶ ἄσβεστος ἐνώντη.



After Captain Jones his great Conquest in the
Indies, these Verses were ingraven on a Pillar
of Gold, in the famous City of Chiapa.

HAvacnn! atsiquinta, rucar, ruchaquit, al elem;
Rut si nusi quin Jonos, quintacque Britanno;
In rutisba Dios, chiru narapata tiquta,
Xalocobta naloc quinquimi, naxa tinuloc,
Chaquil Ruchaquil, Don Spanos, Cacaracarta
Inra Ixunlocosh Europon quincol amoloh,
Chinaloconta nucam quiti Chicata Chiapa,
Mecoacana mani quinraphi tilcona rutat,
Inrutapa cochor vilcat Cacunta, Chalocoh
Havocobta ruvac, Rixim car nucar avixim;
Ixlocon-hita quimac, avix inreca corochi,
Pan Nusi nuchac, quinrochi nutisba China;
Chipam Rumoloh mac, numac taxa veronquil
Chyrvo capat quiro vinac navecata maniquit,
Chilocontho Navos nucacqui Coave-caca,
Quinuvani vilquin Xinvi nucamca tivito.

P. E.

By



By the assistance of Mr. Gage his rules to learn the
*Indian Tongue call'd Poconchi, thus faithfull
and verbatim translated into English.*

HO Passenger ! Behold, read, understand,
Great Jones, a Britain conquer'd all this Land ;
In thirteen dayes twelve Kings he overthrew,
And millions of Salvages he slew :
At last the *Spanish Dons* with all their force
Of *Indian* foot, and *European* Horse,
Surpriz'd him near *Chiapa*, where he stood
Five hours in fight cover'd with fire and blood ;
And in that furious conflict, all his men,
Who were once thirty six, reduc'd to ten.
With those few blades, and his own mighty Arm,
He did repulse them without spell or charm :
Then to his Ship retreated ; and to shew
'Twas Glory, and not Gold, he did pursue,
Of all the spoils he took but one rich Cup,
And as much Gold as made this Pillar up.

*This Monument stood Undefac'd 1588. But Imme-
diately after was demolisht by the Envy of the
Spaniards, and the Gold converted to other uses.*

On the REVIVAL of
Captain JONES.

W Hy shak'st thou Coward Hand? dost drop th: Pen;
Honour'd to limne the Prodigie of Men?
What means this strange Surprizal that unknots
thy joynts, possessing them with Palzy Fits?
Who dares (dread Heroe) offer to thy Fame,
Without Apollo's Call) must feel the same.
Mov'd by pure zeal to Honour, thus I run
A young Enthusiast the Priests among,
Trembling to pay my Mite. Welcome once more
To us, Great Britains Mars; our joys run ore
To see the truth of a Platonick year
Confirm'd in thee; so bright dost thou appear
Deckt with thy valours Rayes: Poets* (who can
Make Gods) have rais'd thee up, thou God-like Man;
What brave Revenge had'st th'ad on thy old Foe,
Hadst thou but breath'd our Air some moneths agoe?
Thou, and thy six and thirty set on shore
In Hispaniola; would'st have acted more
Than was (I blushing write it) done by ———
And ——— with their ten thousand men.

*I acquiesce, and leave to higher Forms
Thy stern deportment in all Fights and Storms,
Who draw at large, and well; my single Hint
Is a Portentous Act in a small Print.*

*Reward those who again have made thee breathe,
With Lawrel ta'ne from thy victorious wreaths;
I have enough t'entitle me to Fame,
In both a Britain am, and of thy Name.*

*A Supplement to the famous History of the truly
valiant and Magnanimous Captain Jones.*

Look to your selves: I see his marble frown,
His threatning ashes challenge their renown,
Expostulating thus. Durst your narration
Omit those noble acts of admiration,
H. 1. Which I perform'd, when *Eolus* deny'd
Me his assistance 'gainst the struggling tide?
Never was Martial man affronted worse,
Tyrane had brib'd him to retard my course.
Some wish'd me send to *Lapland* for a wind,
Nay, that I scorn'd, I had enough behind;
Turning my Postern, I sent forth a blast
That tore the sails, and crack'd the sturdy Mast,
Hurrying my Friggot with such force, that it
Ran on a shelve, and so was like to split.
'Gramercy policy, this I foresaw,
For such mischances I had help at Maw;
I drank an Ocean up of English Beer,
Which (wanting water) I made use of here;
I turn'd my Conduit pipe ore deck, and Spouted,
And fill'd the shoar, so that Saint *Patrick* shouted,
And cry'd, my friends, this is no time for mirth,
Oh hone! a deluge comes to drown the earth!

Ostrutions being removed in this sort,
At length I landed in an Irish port,
And thought it wisdom, before they came to treat,
To stay my stomach with a bit of meat.
Seeing a Cook hang up a stall-fed Ox,
I bad him roast it quickly, with a pox;
'Twas quickly done: as soon as off the Spit
My Valiant grinders snap it at a bit,
Sooner than one could turn his hand about,
As when a Pickrel swallows up a Trout.
The Cook's amazed: what, quoth I, thou thief,
I do not eat, but barrel up my beef;
I can lay up a whole one and a half,
The Ox that *Mila* carried was a Calf:
Sirrah, make haste, get me some more meat drest
To fortifie the Castle of my brest.
— I mean to feed, as Dromedaries do,
Both for the present, and the future too.
Thus terrify'd, my foes ran to the bogs,
And there were Metamorphos'd into frogs;
I speedily destroy'd that croaking faction,
Then could no longer live for want of action.
Death, natures beadle, took me by the hand,
And said, Grand Captain, I thee now disband:
Abstract of valour, deathly name be blest,
Lie down within this tomb, and take thy rest.

On Valiant Jones.

Come see the Man, whom Mountains bred,
Who talked high, as he was fed.
No Court like Milk-sop train'd tot'h fiddle,
But yeand i'th' Region call'd the middle.
There Captain Jones his cradle chooses,
More dangerous then that of Moses;
For that was watch'd by Pharaos daughter,
The Deabe, a Nurse, did him look after,
Or befor them: Come Wolfe, or goat
Who took the Nibb, and fill'd his throat;
Thence was ally'd to Brute; neer Cuz
By th' nurses side to Romulus:
And for his nimbleness and skipping,
Remus (himself) could nere out leap him;
This, and the warbles of his throat,
Came from the Rennet of the goat
Curdling his gutturalls: His haire's
All flaggy too, and rank as theirs.
Which was resented, as was Mars,
Or Hercules, for his black A---
These were strange signs, and did betoken
What ere was after by him spoken.

*'Twas well the wars were done before
Lost in Llewellyn and Glendore.
Had Jones liv'd then, in vain th' Assaults
Of Saxons; Wales had still been Wales.
Nay had the fates (but they deny'd,
For Jones had neither barn nor Bride)
Sav'd but his Praepuce in Skincks fight,
That spoyl'd his skirmishes by night,
No doubt an Issue, not of's legs,
But of his Loyns, for he lov'd eggs
Extreamly to the very bowels,
Would have out-Vavasford the Powels;
Content us therefore with those duels,
Which no man did, or very few els,
Related from his mouth: This Brit,
As Cæsar did, could he have writ,
What Comments had be made? what storys
Of Irish wolues, which now are Torys?
This Frontispiece alas! nay, twenty,
As big as this, had been too scanty;
The Elephant and's Pego-man,
And Hob's on his Leviathan,
Nay, what so ere old Inigo
(His namesake) could have drawn for show
Had been too small a Scene: why then
No more, it shrivels up my Pen.*



On the Legend of Captain Jones.

Reader, be stout and credulous, for he
Must have both Courage and credulity
That reads this Poem; and to have enough,
His soul should be half Cheverel and half buff:
For *Jones* such things doth talk, and such things do
As far transcend all Faith and Reason too.

Those ancient Poets that, in former times,
Extol'd their *Heroes* with undying Rhimes,
Must go to school to learn of *Jones*, for he
At once both made and writ all Chivalrie.
There *Homer* and *Achilles* both must club
To make one story, this must fight, that dub,
Which asks Time, Charge, & Danger; whilst bold *Jones*
Does without either, raise, and kill at once,
Tam Marti quam Mercurio, if he list,
He could dispute, as well as fight with fist.
With one Cuff-syllogism confute more men
Then Wit or Reason could convince with ten.

'Mongst all the Giants whom he robb'd of breath,
He has three signal Battels fought with Death,
While Fame, that still hates living men, gave out,
That *Jones* was conquer'd; and to clear the doubt,
Employ'd the Wits with a lamenting pen
In Epitaphs to kill him o're agen.

At which enrag'd he rose, and swore *they lye*;
Jones is not dead; I swear *Jones* shall not dye.

Upon Captain Jones Relating his
own Exploits.

LOe here great Captain Jones! in whom do dwell
Both Mars and Mercury, gods stout and fell;
Thou, thine own Trump, dost with a valiant voice
Both beat thy Foes, and thy great Conquests noise;
Thus thy Minerva lends thee speech and shield,
Wherewith thou all things mak'st unto thee yield;
Ajax, Ulysses, both in thee agree,
Thy valour and thy tongue alike are free;
Great Alexander's Envy would have ceas'd,
Nor would Achilles fate have spoil'd his rest,
Had but Jones Poetry inspir'd his Soul,
To whom, the blind man Homer's but a fool;
Homer cou'd only his borrow'd phancy write,
Jones cou'd do more, both strangely feign and fight;
Caesar, of all the Worthy's, most like Thee,
He did both fight and tell's own History,
Which yet compar'd with thy Relation
Seems but an old thred-bare narration;
So between both how vast's the Difference,
Jones doth all Caesars baffle, and all Sence,

I. V. Oxon.

On the same

Away with Fictions, shorn of any flow'ry war,
The Poet must now turn Historian;
His fights, his fights, his fights, his victories,
His conquests, his trophies, and yet no lies!
What Wars were they when all each battel fell
But Jones, and he surviv'd, his services to tell?
When he relates the story, an Enemy
Truth fears to be, lest in contending, she
Too late learn due subjection; thus the tyde
Forces the waters that would gently slide:
When our great Jones had quite subdu'd the land,
He boldly puts to Sea; but here's a stand,
The Sea of such an adversary proud
To try'm, its waves into a storm doth crowd.
Jones leaves his ship, he scorned such a flood,
For he had often swam in streams of blood;
He then such Tempests rais'd with arms and back,
That th' very Ocean did fear a wrack.
Yet he would dye, that th' shades might of him fear,
And learn, by Mortals woe, great Jones to fear.

N. H.

Upon the incomparably valiant,
Captain JONES.

When I do read thy Legend, *Jones*, and see
Thy Fights, thy Victories, thy All, and Thee
I stand engag'd 'twixt Wonder and Delight,
That I can neither think, nor speak, nor write.
My Faith thou puzzl'st, and Invention too,
'Tis monstrous strange! but these things thou didst do;
Alcides, *Hector*, are out-done by Thee,
Thy History hath foil'd all Poetry.
Poor *Hector*! he by his own Valour's lost,
But thou surviv'st, and dost thy Triumphs boast.
Hercles, we know, hath his *Non ultra* found,
But to Thee, *Jones*, nor Earth, nor Sea's a bound;
The World, from East to West, from North to South,
To eccho forth thy Fame's but one wide Mouth.
The Earth, Great *Jones*, grows fruitful in thy praise,
And all her car's to crown thy head with Bayes.
The Sea payes Homage to thee, and roars out
Brave *Jones*'s name, who's greater far than *Cnute*.
Neptune to Thee his Trident doth resign,
The Whales cry out, with trembling, We are thine;
And proud of thy Command, they swell the Main,

For

or thy great sake thronging into a Train;
When *Spain* does yield to thy fierce heat; thy might
Prostrates their doughty *Don, Diego* hight;
Thy arms so tof'd that vap'ring Admiral,
As if ha'd nought been but a Tennis-ball.
Thou didst Bears, Lyons, and such Monsters quell;
By thy strong hand the sturdy El'phant fell.
Ere the bright Sun peep'd from his Eastern bed,
Eleven Kings before thy feet, brave *Jones*, lay dead.
What work wouldst thou have made in one whole
Hadst thou but found for thy *Killzadog* play? (day,
How such exploits, so strange, thou couldst atchieve,
None ever yet could tell Brave *Jones*, and live.
Poor Mortals we! the Fates have thought it fit
We should in wonder spend our dayes and wit.

P. D. Ox

? * * * * *
H Ave you not heard of Jones, that man of wonder,
That brought Don Deigo & Mac-kil-Cow under?
And when he had him there, agreed, being wise,
To run away before that they should rise?
For 'tis a Maxime; If youl'd be secure,
Still make the Reliques of a Conquest sure:
Jones still kill'd those that fled, and only those;
For such ruff Fellows as withstood his blows
He scorn'd and spar'd; thinking it base to beat
A stubborn Enemy that won't retreat.

Mongst all those blustering firs that I have read
(Whose greatest wonder is that they are dead)
There's not any Knights, nor bold Achievers Name,
So much as Jones's in the Book of Fame:
They much of Greeces Alexander brag,
Hee'd put aen Alexanders in a Bag:
Eleven fierce Kings, backt with two thousand Lonts;
Jones with a Ragged Troop beats all to Clonts:
But sure it was a Conquest by Compact,
For he could never be accus'd of Fact:
And yet no story a Romanceer sings,
That ere exploited more stupendious things;
Quixot a winged Gyant once did kill:
That's but a flying tale, believ't who will:
This were but petty hardship, Jones was one
Would skin a Flint, and eat it when h' had done.

Had Jones but been alive, and seen the pudder

Bitwixt



nder,
under

ead

ame;

nts;

Between

Between Briganza's Legato and Anstrudde's

When the fierce Portugal in high Bravado,
Storming th' Exchange with Pistols and Granado)

Put the poor Pega-monger to a Rout,
And their beloved Babes flung about:

Hee'd not have fawn'd upon him like a Spaniel,
Whom ones would have kickt the Dog into the Kennel;

And spight of Darkness made his head ring Noon,
For daring to pluck Honour from the Moon;

He had dyed no other Death, for furious Jones,
Once flesh'd, would kill ten such, and make no bones:

He once had an encounter with a Lyon,
Though most believe he never durst come nigh one)

But as the Author says, and I believe,
Both bravely fought, and many wounds did give

Each other, till the Beast in woful dumps
Vorn out, (for Jones had fought him to his stumps)

In honour of his Fall and Jones's Glory,
Di'd with most Age, and there's an end of his story.

Many a tough adventure he hath had,
And like a true Knight Errand, ne're a bail:

He foil'd great Afdriasdust in the twink-
ling of an eye, as easie as to drink:

And yet as tough, and dry a sir, as ere was yokt
Unto a sword (Jones often wisht him chokt)

But yet, of all the Gyants that came nigh him,
There's Nerapenny stuck the longest by him;

For though his slender wounds made many doubt him,
That thread-bare Tear-coats he had still about him;

And if they say he had not, he's belyed,

For

For he had ne'r a penny when he dy'd.

Jones had a valiant stomach, and would eat
As well as fight, provided he had meat,
Else patience upon force took place, for Jones
Kept many fasting dayes, and made no bones.
But I'de not have you think it was for want ;
For when he had no Money, nor Provant,
The Fowl flew to his Table, and the Fish
Left the cold stream, and swam into his dish.
'Tis an old Proverb, (Like to like, they say)
Jones was a Cods-head too as well as they.

But Jones, like a Disease, both Sexes smites ;
For he wounds Ladies too as well as Knights :
He was so trim a youth, the Queen of No-land
Thought him some Princely Shaver come from Poland ;
And so he prov'd indeed, for by Gods du's
He most unkindly left her in the Suds ;
Jones like a wiseacres begg'd to be spar'd,
For he had No-land, nor for No-land car'd :
If any ask you wherein lay his Grace ?
Venus lov'd Mars his Truncheon, not his face.
To wind up all, Fame's Trump his Deeds doth tell,
Although a few gelders would do't as well.

W. T.



THE
L E G E N D
O F
Captain JONES.

I Sing thy Armes (*Bellona*) and the Mans
Whose mighty deeds out-did
great *Tamberlans*:
Thy Trump (dire goddess) send,
that I may thunder
Some wondrous strain, to speak this man of wonder.
When Fates decreed that *Captain Jones* should be
The life and death of men, they could not see
A place more suiting to bring forth this mirror
Of Martial spirits, this thunder-crack of terror,
Then some vast mountains womb, whose
rigid rocks
Might form him, and foreshew the hardy knocks
C Which

The Inva-
cation.

His birth-
place.

The Legend of Captain Jones.

Which he should give and take : Nor were they nice
 To think it base, that mountains bring forth mice,
 Since from a Brittish mount and *Mars* his stones,
 They sent this Man of men, stern *Captain Jones*.
 Wild Mares milk nurst him on the mountains gorse,
 Which gave him strength and stomach like a horse ;
 Goats flesh matur'd him, kill'd on craggy tops,
 Which taught him to mount Rampiers like those rocks
 Ere eighteen winters fully waxen were,
 This imp of *Mars* began to doe and dare.
 With *Reymond*, a stout brother of the sword,
 He first attempted Sea, and went aboard,
 Two hundred strong, for the East Indies bound,
 Fame was the only prize he sought or found.
 Twice twenty days auspicious waves and winds
 Lull'd them : then *Eolus* and *Neptune* joynes
 To work *Great Jones* his fall. Envy and ire,
 To see him more then Man, made them conspire ;
 Rough *Boreas* whistled to the dancing ship,
 The boisterous billows strove to over-skip
 The bounding vessel. In this great disaster
Reymond, the souldiers, Mariners and Master
 Lost heart & heed to rule, then up starts *Jones*,
 Calls for six Gispins, drinks them off at once.
 Thus arm'd at all points, yet as light as feather,
 He ascends, and drew, and pist against the weather,
 And are we born (my hearts, quoth he) to die ?
 Shall we descend ? Thy immortality
Neptune thou must resign, if I come thither :
 One Sea may not contain us both together.

*His stout
 behaviour
 in a storm
 at sea.*

No

The Legend of Captain Jones.

3

Nor waves nor winds could fright him with the motion
 Who thought he could contain and piss an Ocean.
 His fatall *Smiter* thrice aloft he shakes,
 And frowns : the Sea, and Ship, and canvass quakes :
 Then from the hatches he descends, and stept
 Into his Cabbin, drank again, and slept.
 When these rough gods beheld him thus secure,
 And arm'd against them like a man pot-sure,
 They stint vain storms; and so *Monstrifera* The name
of his ship.
 (So hight the Ship) toucht about Florida,
 Upon a desert Island call'd *Crotana*;
 Where savage beasts and serpents live alone :
 Here *Jones* would needs to land, though *Reymond* swore
 Danger was in't: he laught, and leapt ashore, His land-
ing.
 Danger(quoth he) to the whō dangers fright,
 My heart was fram'd to dare, my hands to fight.
 Some six and thirty more put forth to ground,
 These for fresh food, he for adventure bound ;
 They limit their return when three hours ends,
 Which *Reymond*, with the ship at Sea, attends.
 These Sea-sick souldiers, range hills, woods, and vallies;
 Seeking provant to fill their empty bellies ;
Jones goes alone, where fate prepar'd to meet him
 With such a prey as did unfriendly greet him ;
 A Bear as black as darkness, and as fell His en-
counter
with a
Beare.
 As Tyger, vast as the black dog of hell,
 Runs at him open jaw'd, so fierce, so fast,
 That he no leisure had to draw for haste
Kilzadog his good sword, with fist he aim'd, The name
of his
sword.
 All arm'd, a blow, wch sure the bear had brain'd,
 But

No

C 2

But that between her yawning teeth it dings,
 The gauntlet there stuck fast, his hands he wrings
 Unarm'd. unharm'd from thence ; her foremost pawe
 The Bear on *Jones* his shoulder claps, and gnawes
 The gauntlet wedg'd between her teeth: *Jones* clasp't he
 With both his arms, and strove by force to cast her.
 And here they try a pluck, and grasp, and tug,
 And foame ; but *Jones* who knew the Cornish hug,
 Heaves her a foot from footing, swings her round,
 And with a short turn hurles her on the ground ;
 Then came his good sword forth to act his part,
 Which pierc't skin, ribs, and risse, and rove her heart.
 The head (his trophee) from the trunk he cuts,
 And with it back unto the shore he struts,
 Where *Reymond* was appointed to attend
 His and the rests return : but he (false friend)
 When they were once on shore and out of sight,
 Hoist sailes to sea, and took himself to flight.
 Here *Jones* found fraud in man, and deeply swears
 Revenge on *Reymonds* head, the rest he chears.
 All safe return'd, but all in desperation
 To see themselves left there to desolation :
 Nor grain nor ground, but wild ; nor man,
 (nor beast,

He joyne
 himself to
 the 36 so
 diers.

But savage ; yet (O strange) here *Jones* doth feast
 His six and thirty daily, 'twas with fishes
 Tost from his halberts point into their dishes ;
 Wherewith he took them standing on the shore
 Out of the Ocean : whether 'twas the store
 Frequenting this unpeopled coast, or whether

His takin
 of fish
 with his
 halberts
 point.

The Legend of Captain Jones:

9

To see this wondrous man they should together
And so astonied, yield themselves a prey
To him from whom they durst not swim away,
Be't so, or so, I'll not decide, but I
Know Jones tells this for truth, who knows no lye.
Thus from his weapons point, nine moneths they fed,
Till fate Sir Richard Greenfield thither led,
Who to America transports with Jones
His six and thirty fish-fed Mermydons,
To Insip were they brought and left; oh then
'Twas time, had they had meat, to play the men.
Their first encounter there with famine was,
A dry and desert soile, nor grain nor grasse,
Nor drink, but water had they here, nor bread
For thrice twelve moneths, but caves for house Jones

Such living as that Country could afford
Bold Jones was forc't to win by dint of sword.
Eleven fierce Kings possess the fertile tract
Of this great Coast, who all their powers

(and bed-
encoun-
ters with
the great
Giant Al-
dria dust.

To vanquish Jones: a brave attempt 'tis true,
Yet more then twice eleven fierce Kings could doe.
Two thousand choice and doughty men they chose,
To bid him battle, arm'd with darts and bowes,
And arrowes fadome long, well barb'd with bone
Of some strange fish, which pierc't through steel and
(stone;
And thus they come pre-ar'd: When they drew neer
(him,

He

He brought his soldiers forth, and thus did cheer them
 My five and twenty friends (for only those His oration to his
 Had fate & famine left) these darts and bows 25 souldiers before
 Are fit to deal with fearful Crows and Daws, their fight
 But us, whose hearts of oak and empty maws, with the
 Hungers sharp dart hath pierc'd, & yet we stand 2000 sent
 To fight & foil our foes with sword in hand) against him by the
 These weapons cannot conquer, nor the number 11. American
 Were they two thousand such as *John a Cumber*. can Kings,
 Doth hunger bite you? bite your foes as fast,
 Eat these men-eaters (souldiers) kill and talt.
 Would you gain glory? Kill by six and seaven,
 If Crowns of Kings, then here behold eleven.
 And this he spake and drew. With stomach fierce
 They give the first assault; Now for a verse
 To speak great *Jones* his deeds, who headlong goes
 Amongst the thickest ranks, cuts, kills, & throws, His courage in fight.
 Some by the legs, some by the waste he makes
 Shorter; another by the lock he takes,
 Reaps off his head, wherewith he brains another,
 Then at one stroke kills father, son, and brother;
 Few scap'd with life, but strangely; happy those
 Which scap'd with loss of half a face or nose.
 Nor may I pass his men, who cut and flash,
 Like those that fought for life, not Crowns or Cash.
 Want made them seem (which sure their foes dismayd)
 The very sons of death, whose parts they plaid;
 The Insips now no ayme can take aright,
 They think each foe they meer, a mighty Sprite;
 And so they fly. Six Kings he took, and kil'd,

The Legend of Captain Jones.

7

ear them
His orati-
on to his
25 souldi-
ers before
their fight
with the
2000 sent
against
him by the
11 Ameri-
can Kings.

erce

oes

His con-
rage in
fight.

r,

;

e

Cash.

(maid)

;

Five,

Five, with eight hundred soldiers left the field ; *5 Kings*
Twelve hundred fell: for those that went off safe *& 1200*
Their heels & not their hearts the praise he gave. *soldiers slain.*
Unto their fullest towns, whē he had kild them,
He brought his ragged regiment, and fill'd them.
Here on the river of Mengog they find
A Weare with fish of wondrous growth and kind,
Where with a thousand herrings they were fed, *Strange*
All two foot long besides the tail and head. *Herrings*

Here some may ask what came of all the wealth,
(For *Jones* brought nothing home besides himself)
This conquest gain'd; sure many precious things *what be-*
Must needs attend the death of six such Kings. *came of*
I answer briefly ; His heroick desire *the rich*
Ascends above earth excrements as fire : *prizes.*

Nor can descend to Crowns. The souldiers found
Much wealth, which in their home-return was drown'd;
Still fortune favours *Jones*. Amidst this river
He spies a sail directly bearing thither ;
He calls, and finds them English, homeward bound,
Who for fresh water thrust into the sound.
With these his men and he for England comes, *He & his*
Had England known it, all her guns & drums *men come*
Had been too little to express her joy, *for Eng-*
As when victorious *Hector* entred *Troy* ; *land.*
Yet ere he can attain his native coast,
Aneas-like he must be tyr'd and tolt
With storms, till meat and water wax'd so scant,
That *Jones* drank nought but piss one week for want.

C 4

At

The Legend of Captain Jones.

9

stones He goes as boldly as an eyeless horse,
With one small Bark (the Shir-fire 'twas) a hot one,
And save a hundred men was with him not one :
& boys But these were Welsh blades, born for hacks & hewing,
And car'd not what they did so they were doing.
wive all, Thus like some tempest these four ships he frightens,
His guns roare thunder whilst his powder lightens,
And from his broad side poures a showre of hail ;
Which rakes them thorow & thorow, ribs, mast, & sail.
wn Their shot replies, but they were rankt too high
To touch the Pinnacle, which bears up so nigh
And playes so hot, that her opponents think
Some Devill is grand Captain of the Pink.
One English Pirat with them, whilst he watches
His time to shoot, spies *Jones* upon the hatches,
And cryes out, Ho, hoise Canvas all at once.
And fly, or yield ; Zounds it is *Captain Jones*.
The man swore reason, and 'twas quickly heard,
For, not a Bullet like that name was feard ;
They fly, he follows, but a partial wind
And wings of fear sav'd them, left him behind.
To Kemper he returns him, and supplies it
With fifty men, and victuals to suffice it
Six moneths : the foes by land lose hope and heart
To oppose this new supply, and so depart :
Then on the Gate this title was ingraved,
Jones rescued Kemper, and the Duke dome saved.
Thus plum'd with Laurell, *Jones* for England came,
Where George of Cumberland, rapt with his fame,

Wooes

He

Wooes him to be Vicegeneral of his fleet ; He is ma
 Which *Jones* vouchsaft, because he was to meet Vice-Ge
 Men like himself, the doughty Dons of Spain, under G
 Whose honour (or lose all) he vow'd to gain. Ciberlan
 And better fate in this design he wisht not, & fought
 The to cope single with their great *Don Quixot*. Spanish
 Stay Muse and blush, and sigh & sing no more, Fleet.
 Here *Jones* his mistress, Fortune, plaid the whore.
 Yet, whilst thou loath'st her lightness to rehearse,
 Let indignation make thee chide in verse ;
 Ah deity ! and blindly to go on so
 From thy deare minion *Jones* to *John D'Alonso*,
 Whose out and inside is no better mettle
 Then an old Drum, or a base Tinkers Kettle.
 And tak'st thou him for *Jones* ? that glorious boy,
 Whom *Venus* self would kiss (were *Mars* away)
 Well, fickle goddess, if thou be divine,
 I'll swear, heaven hath, like earth, light feminine.
 Twas thus, This fleet cut through the Western maine,
 And so lay hovering on the coast of Spaine :
Jones led the front (as 'twas his custom still)
 The first in fight, last to be kil'd or kill :
 His ship went swiftest too, as did his mind
 On honours wings : But (oh) an envious wind
 Fild all his sail, and wrapt him in a mist
 From being seen, or seeing, ere he wist.
 And thus he lost his train, and cast about,
 And beat these Seas five days to find them out ;
 Till in his quest it was his fate to meet
Don John D. Alonso with the Spanish fleet.

The Legend of Captain Jones.

12

He isma his general bid amain, and *Jones* defi'd
Vice-Ge from Canons mouth. The Don again repli'd
under G. With four for one. Ah *Jones*, had I my wish,
Cumberland. Some Godhead should have turn'd thee to a fish,
& fought To escape this dire assault ; thou shouldst not then
against the Be taken like a tame beast in thy den.
Spanish. Nine thousand souldiers was the force that fought
Fleet. This day with *Jones*, whom six huge gallies brought,
re. The stoutest boats to make a bold Bravado
se, That were in Spains invisible Armado :
Jones first commands his men to take their victuall,
He souldier-like drank much, and pray'd a little ;
Then tells them briefly, here's no place to fly,
Come friends, let's bravely live or bravely die.
y. By this the gallies had inclos'd him round,
And sought to board him ; but they quickly found
ne. The ship too hot to grapple with so soon,
maine, And so bore off again, and paid her room.
Then each by turn present her the broad side,
Which she repaid with interest, and so ply'd,
That where her bullets pierce, whole streams of blood
Spout through the gallies ribs, and dye the flood ;
The foes disdain thus long to stand in fight
'Gainst one, and so press on with all their might :
And now the storm grew hot, and deep in blood,
" Mad rage had got the place where reason stood :
Guns, drums, and trumpets stop the souldiers ears,
From hearing cries and groanes ; and fury rears
This fatall combate to so strange a height,
That higher powers express th' effects of fright.

This

Great

Great Neptune quakt and roar'd, clouds ran and pist
 The winds fell down, and Titan lurkt in mist.
 Then belch huge bullets forth, smook, fire, & thunde
 Their fury strikes the gods with fear and wonder,
 One gally which two hundred slaves did row,
 Affront the ship, in hope to buldge her prow.
Jones gave her leave; but when she once came nigh
 Out bursts his murdering shot; here doom'd to dye
 Down dropp'd the brave Viceroy of Saint Iago,
 Don Diego de Cordona, and Gonzago.
 Stones, chains, and bullets tare their passage out
 Through men and galley; which soon tackt about
 In hope to get aloof; but *Jones* sent after
 Two lucky shots, which light twixt wind and water;
 "In crept the quaking billow, where he spide
 "Those holes, in hope its fearful head to hide;
 "The galley like afeard, or whose hurt, doth creep
 "Into the trembling bowels of the deep;
 "And so she sank. Thus Diego whilst he try'd
 His force with *Jones*, with fifteen hundred dy'd.
 Now *Jones* all breathless sat to take his breath
 Upon a But of sack, and drank the death
 Of *Don John de Alonso*, which his men
 Pledge in a rowse, and so they fight agen.
 Ninecore there were, but threescore now remain
 To do or suffer, for the rest were slain.
 The Spanish force distract twixt hope and fear,
 Yet by their fellows fall forewarnd, forbear
 This hot assault, keep distance, and at *Jones*
 Let fly their shot at random all at once,

The Legend of Captain Jones.

13

Some half a Cable short, and some flew ore
 The top saile, some the stern and rudder tore :
 One, all the rest in fatall fury past,
 And all to shivers rove the master mast,
 Down fell the tackle, and the vessel lay
 An English prison and a Spanish prey.
 Starboard and Larboard side, from poope to prow
 They all let drive, and rak'd her through and through.
 All now but *Jones* and one man more were kill'd,
 Who cry'd, *Now fight and die, or live and yield.*
Jones kill'd the first, the latter he besought him
 Upon his knees, whilst by the knees he caught him
 Begging for life, a bullet took away
 His head, which when 'twas off still seem'd to pray ;
 Out flew the head and bullet both at once
 Between the manly thighs of Captain *Jones* :
 Who lookt behind him, art thou gone (quoth he)
 Still may they die so, that cry yield to me.
 Now nought to him but blood and death appear'd,
 Death was his wish, captivity he fear'd ;
 Which to prevent Kil-za-dog forth he drew, *This*
 And thus he spake, Brave Cato, Cato slew. *sword he*
 And when victorious Brutus could not stand, *won from*
 He fell, but by his own victorious hand. *the great*
 Brutus, I am a Brute, and have thy spirit, *and fear-*
 Thy fortune and self-death I will inherit. *ful Gyant*
 Thus said, his sword unto his side he plyes, *Hereapens.*
 Which his good Genius stays & thus replies ; *His genius*
 Hold *Jones*, reserved for thy Countrys good, *deports him*
 Born to shed hostil, not thy home-bred blood, *from self-*
 And *murder.*

And know that self-death is the Cowards curse :
 For, he that dyes so, dyes for fear of worfe ;
 The time will come when Irish bogs shall quake
 Under thy feet, whilst great Oneale doth shake.
 I may not on thy future deeds dilate,
 Thy sword must right what is involv'd in fate ;
 This know, in thy old age thou shalt impart
 Unto thy Countries youth thy martiall art,
 Teach them to manage arms, and how they must
 Make bright their swords, which peace hath wrapt in rust.

Now *Jones* vouchsaf'd to live, not for himself
 But for his Countries good, and common wealth ;
 His scarlet cap he dons, with crimson plume,
 And he ascends the hatches all in fume.
 The Musketers ambitiously desire
 To hit this mark, and all at once give fire :
 Some Bullets raze his plume, his haire, his nose,
 His velvet Jerkin, and his sattin nose ;
 (The scars may yet be seen) yet draws he breath
 Fearless, and harmless, in the jaws of death.

The Spaniard now conjectur'd his intent,
 By seeking death t'avoid imprisonment,
 And so forbore to shoot, drew near and sought
 To take the prey, which they so dear had bought.

Then *Jones* all raging throws into the main
 That sword which men and wolves and bears had gain'd,
 That sword which erst had drunk the blood of Kings,
 Into the bowels of the deep he dings.
 The Ocean thirld for fear, and gave it place,
 And greedy Neptune snatcht it for his mace.

Then

The Legend of Captain Jones.

15

Then from the ship he leaps amongst his foes,
 And so undaunted to *Don John* he goes,
 Who bid him Live, *Don-like*, but gave him breath,
 Onely to breathe in greater pains then death.
 This shock had sent to Styx six thousand men,
 Whose souls *Don John* to satisfie again *How he*
 Inflicts more servile punishment on *Jones*, *was used*
 Then countervail six thousand deaths at once. *being ta-*
 He beds on boards, is fed with bits and knocks *ken captive*
 Ape-like, bare-foot with neither shooes nor socks.
 Hair shirt, blew bonnet, made a servile knave,
 A lowsie, dusty, nasty galley-slave.
 At last he brings *Jones* to the Spanish King,
 And sayes : Great Monarch, see this precious thing ;
 Six thousand of your bravest men he cost, *He is pre-*
 Who to gain him alive , their lives have lost; *sented to*
 Nor think the bargain dear, for here's a man *the Spanish*
 Can doe & say more then your Viceroy can. *King.*
 This praise was given him by the crafty *Don*,
 For fear his loss seem'd more then what he won ;
 And so it did indeed, for *Philip* thought
Jones inside by his outside dearly bought.
 To try he asks him, whither bound, and whence
 He was, and *Jones* replies with little fence;
 Whether through fear or faining, he affords
 To all the King demands, not three wise words.
 To try him further, in a Jaile they cast him, *He is cast*
 Which serv'd for nothing but to stink & fast *in prison.*
 And here it was his destiny to light (in
 Upon a learned Priest, a Jesuite :

With

With him falls *Jones* to work. The sacred word *He diff*
 His weapon was, for he had drown'd his sword. *ted there*
 Their question was of purgatory, where, *with a*
 And whether 'tis at all, if so, 'tis here *suit abo*
 (Quoth *Jones*.) For he half tir'd with pains *Purgato*

(would needs
 Go straight to heaven: And thus the question breed
Jones was no Schoolman, yet he bore a brain
 Which nere forgot what ere it could contain.
 Yet this old Priest so wrests the letters sence,
 Equivocates, denies plain consequence,
 Starts to and fro, and raiseth such confusions,
 That *Jones* chief ward was to deny conclusions:
 But, do this subtile Schoolman what he can,
 Such was the vigour of this martial man,
 Though he was no good disputant or Text-man
 Nor knew to spell *Amen*, to serve a Sexton;
 Yet truth, with confidence, and his strong fist
 Doth first convince, and then convert the Priest:
 Some talk of *Garnets* straw, and *Lipsius* lasses;
 Whose miracles made many Artists asses;
 But here's a miracle transcends them all,
 An Artist made wise by a Naturall.

Now Englands Court rings all of *Jones* his *Order t.d.*
 (feters, *hen in Eng-*
 And men of rank were soon sent ore with let- *land for his*
 (ters, *ransome.*
 To ransome him for gold, or man for man,
 On any terms. The King with many a Don
 Consults upon this point: One thought it fit

He dis- To deal upon exchange ; some better wit
ted there Thought it more fit to keep this second Drake, *The point*
with a For so he term'd him wi sely, and thus spake ; *of his ran-*
suit abo Armies are Englands arm, Captains the hand, *some deba-*
Purgato Of this strong arm that rules by sea & land : *ted in Sp.*
ls And of this arm and hand I think I sum,
a breed This captive Captain is the very numb,
This speech was short and sound, but could not go so
Without th'opposing of old Don Mendozo ;
VVho lov'd and favour'd *Jones*, but knew not why,
(Nature it seems had wrought some sympathy)
Pardon (quoth he) (dread Sovereign) are we come
To talk of arms and hands and Captain Thumb ?
From East to VVest our Arms and armies reign,
And fear we now for one to re-obtain
So many Viceroy's in the Isle captiv'd,
For us ; of light and almost life depriv'd ;
VVere Drake's and Candish spirit in this dragon,
Let not their future times have this to brag on,
That Englands Queen did prize one Captain more
Than Spains great Monarch did his twenty four.

His speech prevail'd, and so they all attone,
And twenty four were askt and given for one ;
All which had led great armies to the field,
And never knew but once, what twas to yield.
And thus was *Jones* dismiss'd ; yet ere he go
The King to grace him, made him kiss his toe.
Long maist thou live old man, and may thy tongue
And memory, as thou grow'lt old, wax young :

To D Then

Then wilt thou live in spight of time, and be
Times subject, and time thine i'mblazon thee.

Pardon my forward Muse, striving to soare
A pitch with thee at mid-day tyr'd, gives ore;
For, who can speak thee all (thou mighty man?)
Not Greece's *Homer*, nor Rome's *Mantuan*.

Thy Irish warrs, thy young great *Tyrone*,
Whole heards of Wolves kill'd there by thee A touch of
some other
deeds of
chivalry by
him per-
(alone,

Thy several single duels with fierce men
And bears, all slain; and that dry journey when formed.

Thou drankst but what thou pist for thrice seven days,
Which made thee dry ere since, then th' amorous ways

The Queen of No-land us'd to make thee King
Of her and hers (Oh) many a precious thing.

Thy London widdow next in love half drown'd,
Which thou refus'dst with forty thousand pound:

Thy daunting Essex in his rash bravado,
Raleigh's hard scaping of thy bastinado:

Lately, thy grace with thy great Queen Eliza,
Who, hadst thou had the learning to suffice a
Man, but to write and read, had made thee able
To sit in Councill at her Highness Stable.

These trophees of thy Fame, and myriads more
Kept by thy fertile brain for time in store,

I leave unsung, and wish they may be writ

In golden lines by some more happ' wit,

Whose Genius, till some fury do him inspire,

Let me sit down in silence, and admire.

THE END

158
A copious commendation of a Red Nose.

L Et him that undertook to praise
The French Pox, and so many wayes
Did prove that it is now a days

Commodious

I say, let him a while give place,
For I will prove, a fiery face
Is to the owner no disgrace,

Nor odious.

Who hath a fiery face, that man
Is said to have a rich face, and
Rubies about his nose, none can

Deny it.

And all men know as well as I,
That what is rich, most eagerly
We covet, and no cost deny

To buy it.

Some have their clothes sold from their back,
And some their lands, and some will lack
Meat, rather than good Sherry Sack

And Claret

And they swear (& swear truth) that those
Which drink small beer, & wear good clothes,
Do offer wrong unto their nose,

And marre it.

If in Romes Senate long-no's'd men
Were chose for wisest, tell me then
Why these should not be praised, when

All men know

A Copious Commendation, &c.

*A fiery face here is without
A rich nose: and how far a snow
That's rich exceeds a long to doubt*

Or call men to

*Dispute or to capitulate,
This matter's not so intricate
But any may expose it*

And judge it:

*And if judge truly hee'l confess,
Fire-rich, exceeds long wise; & guess.
No man that hath true worthinefs*

Will grudge it.

*Besides, the world knows this that we
Affirm those gracious that we see
But blush and call it modesty*

In people.

*A rich face always blushes, so
It doth all faces else out go
As far as St. Faiths is below*

Pauls steeple.

*He that reads this, and does not say,
A fiery face hath won the day,
In judgment shews himself a boy,*

And heedless.

*Nor will I spend more words to show
What commendation men do ow
To Captain Jones his face you know*

Tis needless.



THE
L E G E N D
OF
Captain *FO NES*:

CONTINUED

From his first part to his end :
WHEREIN IS DELIVERED

His incredible adventures and achievements by
sea and land.

Particularly,

His miraculous deliverance from a wrack at Sea
by the support of a Dolphin.

His several desperate duels.

His combate with *Bahader Cham*, a Gyant of the
race of *Og*.

His loves.

His deep employments, and happy success in busi-
ness of State.

*All which, and more, is but the tithe of his own relation,
which he continued untill he grew speckless, and died.*

L O N D O N,

Printed by *E. O.* for *Francis Haley*, and are to be sold
at his Shop, at the upper end of *Chancery*
lane, next *Holborn*, 1670.

THE
LEGEND
OF
Captain JOYES:

CONTINUED
from his first part to his end:
WHEREIN IS DESCRIBED
his incredible adventures and sufferings by
sea and land.

Particularly
his miraculous deliverance from a wreck at sea
by the support of a Dolphin.



his several adventures
his combat with a Sea Serpent of the
race of Og.
His loves.
his deep imprisonments and happy success in his
travels of state.

which, as it were, is but the first of his adventures
which he continues with his second part.

LONDON

Printed by E. O. for Thomas Knap, and are to be sold
at his shop, the upper end of Chancery Lane.
1670.



To the READER.

R Eader, read on : here you may happ'ly meet
News, pleasing more, than what's cry'd in
(your street.

Jones is reviv'd ; nere start : the danger's past ;
what he hath done long since, now makes him last
His last brave actions never sung before
We offer to your view, nor write we more
Than he made good on oath : then (pray) believe
what here you'l find : thus by your faith he'l live.
Next, spare your censure on his Poets style ;
Had it gone high, his ghost had kept a quoile
To be surmounted : down-right were his blows ;
Down-right his speech ; down-right to's grave he
(goes

Onely his fame by your opinion may
Make him still live, though now he's dust or clay.

TO THE HONORABLE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

IN SENATE, JANUARY 18, 1878.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE, IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE, MAY 1, 1877.

ALBANY: PUBLISHED BY THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1878.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE, NEW YORK.

THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1878.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE, NEW YORK.

THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1878.



THE
L E G E N D
OF
Captaine JONES.

Continued from his first Part to his end.

Will nothing please the taste of these rough
(times
But Rue and VVormwood stuff in Prose or Rimes?
No verse to make our Poets Laureate
But smart Iambicks lashing King or State?
Must all turn Mercuries, these times to fit
By poysoning Fame with their quick-silver wit?
That name that's got by some notorious ill,
And merits gives, is hateful to our quill.
But if the last brave acts of Captain Jones
VVhich can move mirth and fear, and break no bones,
May be admitted in this ruffling age,
Behold him here re-mounted on our stage.

Ye

Yet know we still are ty'd to our low strein,
 VVe must not once transcend his down-right vein.
 And if you meet ought favouring of a lye,
 (Reader believe't) 'tis *Jones* that speaks, not I.
 VVe left him priz'd on change, too dear 'twas thought
 Twenty four Donns, & all not worth a groat, ^{24 Spanishe}
 Compar'd to him, though each had had comā^{comman-}
 Over great Armies, prest for sea and land. ^{ders given}
 Here see him shipt for his dear native coast ^{in exchange}
 VWhere ere he comes you'l find he'l rule the ^{for him.}

(roast

VWith new found foes, who attempt his force to shake;
 But sleeping Lions 'tis not wise to wake.
 Now once more *Neptune* doth his waves enlarge,
 Swoln big with pride, that Fate had giv'n him charge
 And weighty convoy of this mighty man
 To whence he came; but ere the ship had ran
 Ten glasses out, comes Boreas with a cloud
 As black as ink; the steeres-man cries aloud
 Down with the top-saile, keep the sprit-saile tight,
 Haile the main bowling. Whilst this mask of light
 Usher'd with lightning plowes the angry deep
 High as her self in ridges, and as steep
 As *Cair's* tall Pyramids; the labouring ship
 Like a chaf'd Bear with Mastives, strives to keep
 Her beak aloft; some billows she breaks throw,
 Others mount over her at poop and prow.
Jones heard this stir unmov'd: from *Neptune* still
 He hop'd no good, nor ever fear'd his ill.
 Thus whilst the carefull sea-men work and pray,
 He careless to his cabbins calls his boy,

And

The Legend of Captain Jones.

27

and makes him read to him the ancient stories
Of our old English VVorthies, and their glories;
How our S. George did the fell Dragon gore,
The like achievement of Sir Eglemore:
How Sir Topas hard quest after th'elf-queen to Barwick;
How Sir Buis cow, & Guy's fierce boar of Warwick:
These stories read, exalt his haughty mind
Above the servile fear of sea or wind.
The ships hard state grew now from ill to worse:
Between two hideous seas across her course,
Her whole bulk groans: her beak and main mast break,
Shook with this shock, she springs a dangerous leak:
VVhich her flye foe soon finds, and to begin
Like a dire dropsie, drenches all within.
Thus whilst a treacherous in-mate fills her womb,
She's forc'd to be her own destructions tomb.
And overburthen'd with what bore her before,
She's down-right foundred, and can work no more.
Here might be seen the sad effects of feare
VVhich several wayes in several men appear:
Some cry'd, some pray'd, whilst others swear or rave,
To leave the land to make the sea their grave.
Jones swoln with the brave actions of his Knights,
Big as the sea, ascends, and Neptune cites
To single combate: when a boisterous wave
VVhich Neptune sent to make him Neptunes slave,
VVhurles him a cables length to sea, the ship
Sinks with the rest, who give this world the slip.
VVell now, Sir Jones, 'tis time to shew your skill;
You must swim it outly for't, or drnk your fill.

No

No danger frights thee, thou brave man of merit,
Thy body is boy'd up by thy blow'n spirit.

As a grim sea-calf still presaging storms
V Vallows and wantons in cold Thetis arms :

*Alway
portending
storms
when they
are seen to
play.*

Just such is *Jones* : as if he had been bred
VVith her finn'd frie within her watry bed.

No ship for help, no land for hope appears;
Horror of billows roaring in his ears.

Nothing supports but confidence alone, as

If some prest VVhale must take up *Jones* like *Jonas*.

At last (alafs !) he finds he is no fish,

His spirit 'gins to leave his treacherous flesh.

Continual labouring makes his limbs wax stark

And stiff with cold, his optick sense grows dark,

Neptune insults, and brandishing his mace

Makes his rude billows dash him ore the face.

Now see the fate of noble resolution,

VVhen *Jones* thought nothing but of dissolution,

Man's const int friend a gentle Dolphin glides *The Dol-*

Between his thighs, on whom he mounts and *phin is a-*
(rides *ways ob-*
serv'd to be
In post with mighty speed, through wind and a lover of
(weather; man,

So his kind fish holds out he cares not whither ;

Like a bold Centaur bravely he curvers

From ridge to ridge ; twas strange, how fast he sits

In this rough road ; but *Jones* learn'd from his cradle

To ride without a stirrop or a saddle,

VVhen on the mountain tops wilde mares he spide,

He suckt them dry, and then straight up and ride.

At last at this high speed he gets the sight
 Of land, so neer, he's ready to alight,
 When his kind fish much griev'd to leave the burthen
 She lov'd so well, to sea again doth turn
 With mighty speed, still *Jones* doth her bestride
 Believing now he should to th' Indias ride.
 Fain would he turn her, but he knew not how,
 He never knew a bridles want till now
 At last the faithful fish preferring higher
 Her Riders safety then her own desire,
 She turns her course about with happy haste,
 And so our errant Knight on land she cast.
 Some Spanish writers flatly do deny
 He suffer'd wrack; and plainly term't a lye:
 They say the ship that led this dangerous dance
 Was built by *Lewis King Henry's* son of France,
 And took that name from him, who bears
 (that name) *The eldest son of the King of France*
 As eldest son, who still is sty'd the same:
 They write *Jones* got this ground t' augment
 his glory *the Dol-*
 And cheat the world with this stupendious
 (story;
 But let the Reader judge if this be true,
 And know pale envy still doth worth pursue.
 Well, now to *Jones* again, we may conceive
 He was not ill apaid to take his leave
 Of this rough element: nor did account it
 Much worse to go on foot, then ride so mounted.
 'Tis true, he road this lofty fish in state,

But 'twas too neer the boisterous fit of Fate,
 He fear'd not Fortune nor her wheel, though fickle;
 Yet loth he was to be laid up in pickle;
 Or that his manly limbs should be a feast
 For sharks, or crabs, or congers to digest.
 His next work is to find some habitation,
 Though he came safely there, 'twas in mean fashion,
 The self-same clothes which when *Alonso* brav'd him,
 He made him wear, and to the gally slav'd him.
 And though this last foul storm had little harm'd him,
 It seem'd to some strange thing to have transform'd him;
 Rigid and rough, long wet and felter'd looks, *Nebuchadnezzar*
 Like *Babels* King, when turn'd into an Oxe.
 For a fresh water soldier none could doubt him,
 The seas salt tears ran trickling round about him.
 In this cold plight he leaves the beachy strand,
 And coasts the main with many a weary stand.
 At last he spies a house, not great, but good:
 For here he finds a brother of his brood,
 Who had adventur'd in those ways before,
 And rais'd some fortune by't, and gave it ore.
 He quickly finds that *Jones* had reap'd some wrack;
 Experience, charity, and pity spake
 On this behalf; the good man bid him in,
 And with *fare kindly welcome* doth begin.
 He spak't in Dutch, which gladdened *Jones*, for he the same
 Could speak't as well as *Grace de worck an hee* in *Welsh*.
 Which language a Dutch Pilot well had taught him.
 When *Greenfield* to *America* had brought him.
 By this, the Stove's made ready, in goes *Jones*:

Dryes

Dryes his wet garments, comforts nerves and bones.
 The table's set with homely wholesome chear,
 And to make all compleat, strong Lubeck beere.
 A Dutch froe was his mate: more fat then fair,
 But wondrous free, and thereto debonaire.
 Which made Jones ask what Country 'twas that gave
 This noble welcome to her humble slave?
 He's answer'd, 'tis the Netherlands; the States
 Brave seat of war, where many broken pates
 Are got and given, and for his wants supply
 The good strong Town of *Flushing* stood fast by,
 Where Sir *John Norrice* did command in chief
 For *Englands* Glory, and the States relief.
 This tickled Jones with joy; for *Horace Vere*,
Norrice, and he, had been (Unknown where)
 Comrades in arms, ere Jones did entertain
 That cross design, with *Cumberland*, for *Spain*.
 But now a bed does well, to take some rest
 Where this good host directs his weary guest:
 And having slept his fill, he timely rose,
 Takes a most thankful leave, and on he goes.
 His purpose is to take his passage over
 At the next Port he finds: from thence to *Dover*.
 But first at *Flushing* he resolves to touch,
 Where his old friend, the Bulwark of the Dutch,
 Brave *Norrice*, holds his troop; here Jones arrives,
 Just as he came from Jail, except his Givies,
 Clad in his slavish robe of Fryers gray,
 His cap true blew; no company, but they
 That will not leave him whilst he hath a rag; *Lowfie*.
 Such

Such as possess the Begger with his bag.
 Winds, storms, nor seas, nor ought that could undo him
 Could make them flinch, like friends they stick close to (him)

And thus accompanied he doth approach
 To th' Generalls house, neither with steed nor coach :
 But in his manly foot-march : 'twas the time
 When *Norrice* with his Chiefs were set to dine.
Jones presseth to the Parlor from the Hall,
 And there accosts the noble General.
 Who ey'd him quickly, and cries out (o fate !)
 Live I to see the strength of England's State ?
 Breath'st thou brave man at arms ? *Jones* art thou he ?
 Or is it *Mars* himself disguis'd like thee ?
 Quoth *Jones*. The scourge of Spaniards and of Spain,
 Whom they have felt and foyl'd ; but to their pain,
 Stands here ; and yet would breathe some few years
 To prove King *Philip* or my self the stronger. (longer
 The rest was dear embraces, and his place
 By *Norrice* side ; and then a hasty grace.
 Now might I dwell upon the luscious chear,
 Which here grew cold ; whil'st each mans eye and ear
 Fed on the person and discourse of *Jones*,
 And quite forgot their toasts and marrow bones.
 And whilst his strange adventures past, he tells ;
 The Captains, Serjeant-Majors, Collonels
 Fast to admire him, and are fill'd with wonder,
 And feel no hunger though their bellies thunder.
 Here mark his constancy, beyond these men.
 He eats and talks, and eats and talks agen.

Their

Their mawes are cloy'd to hear those deeds of his,
His stories are his meals Parenthesis.
But when he spoke of Spain, 'tis past belief,
What fearful wounds he gave the chine of beef.
A capon garnish'd with slic'd lemmons stood
Before him, which he tore as he were wood ;
And made it legless ere he made a pause
Meerly in malice to the Spanish sawce.
He wrecks his wrath on every dish that's nigh him,
And spoil'd a custard that stood trembling by him ;
Grow'n pikes and carps, and many a dainty dish,
That far excell'd his tame Crotonian fish.
At last his fury 'gan to be asswag'd,
And then the General all his friends ingag'd,
To give him Souldiers welcome in a rowle
Of lusty Rhenish, till both men and house
Turn round. Once two great deities conjoyn'd
To work his fall, with hideous seas and wind :
Now onely Bacchus takes the man to task ;
And layes sore at him with his potent cask.
And whilst with lusty grape ore-born *Jones* reels,
H'assaults his head, and so trips up his heels.
But up he rose again with vigour stout,
And swears, though foil'd, hee'l try another bout.
They all were now high flow'n, when Collonel Skink
Fills a huge bowl of sherry Sack, to drink
A health to Englands Queen, and *Jones* is he
Must tak't in pledge ; and so he did : but see
The strange antipathy between this man
And Spanish grape, as well as Spanish Don.

Against them both his stomach fierce doth rise,
 No sooner drunk, but up again it flies.
 Th' odd distemper made him half asham'd,
 But there's no help, he was with wrath inflam'd;
 Nor was he pleas'd with Skink for this affront,
 (For so he took't) he knew Skink could not want
 The wine of Rhene for healths: why then in Sack,
 Unless it were to lay him on his back?
 Fir'd with this thought, he catcht at his buff-coat,
 Then grapples close; and had pluckt out his throat,
 But that the wary General interposes
 His hands and friends between their bloody noses;
 And with strong reasons, smiles, and smooth allyes,
 He damps the fury of these fiery boyes,
 And left them (as he thought) well reconcil'd,
 But by th' effect he found he was beguil'd.
 The night dispers'd them now to several wayes,
 As they were quarter'd. Jones with Norrice staves,
 Who sent him the next morn a brave rich suit,
 Intended for himself, with all things to;
 Scant was he dress'd, when Skink unto him sends
 A Captain, boldly to demand amends
 For last nights work; and Jones to do him right,
 A bullet must exchange in single fight.
 For which himself and Second would not miss,
 Where Jones desigu'd to meet with him and his.
 This Jones accepts, and swears before that night
 He shall hear from him, how, and where he'l fight.
 He thus dispatcht, Sir Roger Williams enters,
 To whom much kind discourse past ore; he ventures

To tell his difference with Skink; which told,
Sir Roger like a Britain true and bold,
Protests himself his Second, hasts to Skink,
Tells him, h' had need fight well, as well as drink:
That Jones and he at the South-postern gate
Early next morn would meet him and his mate,
With sword and pistol hors'd, and there agree
To fight it two to two, or Jones and he.
Then comes to Jones, supply'd him with a horse
Well rid and tierce; Bucquoy had felt his force
Before Breda; then gives that sword and belt
Which Prince Llewellyn wore, when slain near *The Prince*

(Bealt. of South Wales,
The hour come, these champions soon appear, *who was*
They spend no time in words; in full career, *slain near*
Jones charges bravely close up to his breast, *Bealt, a*
And fires, but fortune turn'd it to the best: *Town in*
Makes him through haste forget to prime his *Brecknock-*
(pan, *shire.*

So mist his shot, and so preserv'd the man.
Vext with this faile, he flings with all his might,
Worse than the bullet, had his hand gone right,
His pistol at his face; 'twas aim'd so near,
It raz'd his cheek, and took quite off his ear.
Skink's bullet pierc'd the bow of Jones his saddle;
And slightly circumcis'd his foreman's noddle:
The Second stood attending the event
Of this first charge, both resolutely bent,
If either in th' incounter had been sped,
To run the same adventure they both did.

But when they saw the bravery of their fight,
Both having lost their blood, the quarrel slight :
They both detest such men should be destroy'd,
By which their countrey should be sore annoy'd :
With joynt consent their power they unite
To ride up to them, and break off the fight :
Thus got between them, all best means they use
To take it up ; which both inrag'd refuse.
They urge the equal terms on which they stood,
In point of honour : both had lost their blood,
Both fought it well ; how light their quarrels ground,
Not worth one drop of blood, much less a wound.
Then bid them look on their dear countries woe,
Whose breasts must suffer for the ill they doe.
Reason takes place of wrath, they both accord,
And mischiefs engine rests: they sheath the sword.
And thus (in few) this dangerous duel ends,
Fierce foes they met, and now return good friends :
Their Surgeons stanch their blood, for yet they bled,
And clap a cap on *Jones* his nether head.
This news comes quickly to the Generals ear,
Who when he heard their lives were out of fear,
He gently chides them that they would expose
Their limbs unto the various chance of blows
In single duel, when the common good
No longer stands then such good members stood.
Ten dayes are spent ere *Jones* could stand upright,
Through his slight hurt : which come, the noble
(Knight

Brave

Brave *Norrice* he takes leave of, with the rest
Of that brave martial crew, and then address
Himself for *England*: Joy thou happy Isle,
Thy Son returns that hath kept all this quile:
Ye blustering boyes of Britain feast and quaff all:
The man's at hand whose presence makes you laugh all.
Welcome to Dover thou great son of Mavors,
So spake the Mayor of Dover on his grave horse,
Mounted to meet him with his reverend train,
All gown, who cry him welcome home from Spain.
After some short repast, on post he rides
To Non-such, where her Majesty resides,
Where he was soon brought up to kiss her hand,
By his dear friend, *George* Earl of Cumberland.
But then when took to private conference,
What news of moment, what intelligence,
What Spanish plots, what mysteries of state,
Unto her Majesty he did relate,
'Twas wrapt in clouds too high for me to know it;
Then pardon, Reader, that I do not show it.
But 'twas observ'd he gave a written book
Into her hand: on which she deign'd to look,
And seem'd to slight it in the publique face
Of Court, yet made some use of 't in a place
That's privy, so dismiss him to his rest,
Or her Courts welcome; as to him seem'd best.
'Twas now the time when * *Essex* was in- * Robert
(gag'd Earl of
Essex.
In Ireland 'gainst *Tyrone*, with whom he
(wag'd

A bloody war : which to the Queen and State
 Seem'd long and costly : after much debate,
 It is resolv'd to pick out such a man,
 Whose active force and spirit dares and can
 Put a full period to this war at once,
 Without delay, and this was Captain Jones,
 On whom they pitch, who fed on hopes in vain
 To get some small command to conquer Spain.
 'Tis first resolv'd he must reduce Tyrone,
 Till that be done he must let Spain alone.
 Thus his Commission's seal'd to raise his force,
 A compleat Regiment of British horse :
 He's thence to waite them ore the Irish brine ;
 And then his force with noble Essex joyn.
 Jones lost no time, goes in five dayes to VVales :
 Shews his commission, tells them glorious tales ;
 He need not bear a drum, nor sound a trumpet,
 His name's enough to make these Britains jump' at
 This brave employment under such a Chief,
 VV whose fame's reserve enough for their relief.
 Perplex't he was in choosing his Commanders,
 For he still fancied best his old Highlanders ;
 But many worthies of the lower parts,
 Offer to him their fortunes and their hearts.
 But all respects put by, he insisteth ten
 Of his old gang, all hard-bred mountain-men
 For his Life-guard, Thomas Da Price a Pew,
 Jenkin Da Prichard, Evan David Hugh,
 John ap John Jenkin, Richard John dap Reese,
 And Tom Dee Baggh, a fierce Rat at green cheese,

The Legend of Captain Jones.

39

Llewelling Reese ap David, VVatkin Jenkin,
 VVith Howell Reese ap Robert, and young Philkin;
 These for his guard, his Officers in chief,
 Lieutenant Collonel Craddock, a stout thief,
 VVith Major Howell ap Howell of Pen Crag,
 VVell known for plundering many a cow and na,
 Captain Pen Vaure, a branch of Tom John Catty,
 Whose word in's colours was, *YE ROGUES have at ye,*
 Griffith ap Reese ap Howel ap Coh ap Gwillin.
 Reese David Shone ap Ruthero ap VVilliam,
 VVith many more whose names 'twere long to write,
 The rest their acts will get them names in fight.
 VVe must conceive they all were men of fame,
 For here we see them all men of great name.
 Jones with these blades advanceth to the *dale, * *A little*
 There lines himself and them with noble Ale *village by*
 Of such antiquity as hath not been there *Milford.*
 The like since * Robert of the Vale was seen * *An old*
 (there. *Welsh Pro-*
 VVho us'd to sink those kinterkins of merit, *phet, who*
 To raise the heat of his prophetick spirit. *foretold*
 His forces slipt, at last aboard he goes, *the landing*
 A lusty South-east gale so fairly blows, *of Hen. y*
 That forty hours easily brought him in. *the seven:th*
 To Dubline Harbor where he lands his men;
 There getting knowledge where the Army lay,
 To the Lord General he takes his way;
 From whom a noble welcome he receives,
 And good fresh quarter to his troops he gives.

Jones first informs himself in what condition
 Tyron's made up for war, what ammunition,
 How fortifi'd in camp, what force, what watch,
 How victuall'd, all occasion he doth catch
 To take him tripping; when at length he found,
 He would not give nor take on equal ground,
 To hazard battel, he resolves to try him
 In such a way as he should not deny him,
 Unless with loss of honour; he indites
 This fearful challenge, which his Squire writes:
 False traytor to thy country and thy Queen,
 I he who yet my peer have never seen
 In feats of arms, whose martial hand hath slain
 Kings with their armies, half unpeopl'd Spain:
 Done more than I can write; I say, I he
 Urge thee to single duel: and to thee
 Give thee free choice of weapon, time, and place,
 On foot or horse-back: think it no disgrace,
 That I a private Captain, thou a Chief,
 (My deeds make me admir'd, thee thine a thief)
 Call thee to question, 'twere ambition
 In thee, to hope to fall by such a one,
 T'augment my praise I wish thee five times stronger,
 Live till I meet thee, and but little longer.
 This done, a Herauld is straight charged with it,
 In publike to Tyron's own hand to give it,
 Who to him hastes, and in the publike view
 Of all his Army sayes (*Tyrone*) to you
 I have command to bring from *Captain Jones*
 This challenge; read it, and resolve at once.

He takes it, reads it, and admires the man
That sends him this high Brave, who if he can
But half he writes, he counts himself but lost,
To meet him ; yet in sight of all his host
This Brave was giv'n him : thus his honour lyes
At stake, he therefore desperately replies.
Tell your brave man I am not conquer'd yet,
Nor can by words but blows, he shall be met,
Before to morrow noon, on yon green plot,
Surrounded with the bog, neither with shot,
Nor head-steel'd dart : this sword I wear shall do't,
Arm'd cap-a-pe, no horse, but foot to foot.
He thus dispatcht, Tyrone doth straight seek out,
Bryan Mac-kill-cow a strong sturdy lout,
Made up with nerves, and brawn and bone so mighty,
He felt no burden were it ne're so weighty.
The strongest man in all his camp by half,
Milo's great bull to him was but a calf.
Bred in the Irish wildes 'mongst bogs and woods,
And like an out-law liv'd on others goods.
And this was he on whom Tyrone now fixt,
To personate himself in fight betwixt
Him and our *Jones*, true arms of largest size
He donns on him, then to his loyns he tyes
Morglay his trusty sword, then swears devoutly,
If in this combat he behave him stoutly ,
He'l raise his means above two English Barons,
In lands, and sheep, and cows, and lusty garrons :
Bryan's all confidence, and hastens thither,
Where *Jones* and he must try their force together,

The

He

The place design'd was hardly twelve yards square,
 No travelling of ground, no boys-play there,
 The rest was bog, ore which some planks were laid
 To pass them ore; and then, to stop all aid,
 Were took from thence: here *Jones* our valiant fighter
 Advanceth first: Bryan with his fell smiter
 Is hard at hand, they spare no time for words,
 Their mettal is the whetstone of their swords.
 They clap together like two sons of thunder, (under
 The blades struck lightning, whilst the earth quak'
 The burthien she bore; no stroke that's given, but death
 Seems to attend it, till both out of breath,
 Consent to make a stand, but this short rest
 Was like a faller with a muttons brest
 To their sharp stomachs, to't they go again,
 And lay on load-like devils, not like men.
 Their well-try'd arms do blush with their own blood,
 To find their flesh in whose defence they stood,
 Stand, whilst it fell: for that their keen swords whipt of
 As if they would each other make a chipt loaf.
 At last, as I have seen a man of war
 Exalt a Carrick, which exceeds him far,
 In bulk and strength: so *Jones* deals now with Bryan,
 Who thuns and shifts, more like a Fox than Lyon.
 For (to speak truly) this fell Pagan lout
 Doth so belabour *Jones* from head to foot,
 That both his ears do o't with sorrow sing,
 And's eyes see stars at noon. (a wondrous thing)
 We must conceive those furious blows he dealt,
 Were well repaid with use, which Bryan felt.

But

The Legend of Captain Jones:

43

at Jones esteeming it an equal thing
to be self-conquer'd, and long conquering,
resolves to put the business out of doubt
with one Pass more, which was the fatal bout.
In this Resolve, with both his hands he prest
the pommel of his sword against his breast,
then like a thunder-bolt strikes swiftly at him:
With th' fear of this, Bryan had quite forgot him,
that 'twas a bog behind, so backward springs,
and his whole body up to th' arm-pits flings,
midst the bog. Jones driven with his own force,
flinging his thrust falls headlong in the gorse,
but pitch'd upon his foe, by happy fate,
With which ore-born, our Jones so mauls his pate,
that th' helmet flies, and leaves his head to th' danger,
of being the anvil of our Jones his anger:
And now the day is his, his strength he strains
With hand and hilt to beat out Bryans brains:
Who cries out quarter, Man of Mars I yield
My self and sword, the honour of the field.
And where the power rests, 'tis much better far
to give than take a life in chance of war.
This and the bog doth cool the wrath of Jones,
He spares his life, and draws him forth at once.
Besides, he scorn'd posterity should tell,
That by his hand Tyrone 'ignobly fell.
And thus Oneale his captive (as he thought)
In this foul plight unto the camp he brought:
Presents him to the General, and then spake,
Sir, if you have ten more Tyrones to take,

But Command,

Command, Ile do't; here see him hither led
 By me, who all this charge and stir hath bred.
 The joy was great, but short; 'twas quickly known,
 This was but some impostor from Tyrone:
 And this an Irish Captive at first view
 Made known, who him and his condition knew.
 This bred a qualm in some, whilst others smil'd
 To see their British Champion so beguil'd,
 And that Tyrone had bobb'd him with this jeer,
 To match his Cow-herd with our Mountaineer.
Jones vext with this, retires unto his tent,
 An angry, dirty, desperate, male-content.
 Three dayes thus spent, his wrath no longer bears
 This base affront; (like *Scævola*,) he swears *Scævola*
 He'll kill Tyrone in midst of all his force, *against*
 Though in the act himself be made a coarse: *Porcennus*
 In this wild mood by night he doth convey *in Livit.*
 Himself where he suppos'd the Rebell lay:
 Who wisely rais'd his camp the day before, (more
 March'd far through desert woods, and would not
 Of these affronts; which to put off agen
 Might breed contempt of him with his own men.
 Two dayes *Jones* spends in quests to find him out;
 At last he was encountred with a rout
 Of ravening wolves, who fiercely all at once
 Assail'd the back and face of manly *Jones*.
 'Twas time to draw, else these wild Irish dogs
 Had been so bold to shake him by the logs:
 But when his sword was out he makes them feel,
 Their teeth are not so sharp as his true steel.

The Legend of Captain Jones:

43

he first good blow he dealt took off a head,
the second made one two; the next he sped,
with a fore thrust at mouth, and out at tail:
known, fourth with his posteriors doth assail,
with his strong heel he hurles against a tree
twelve paces from his kick, and there lyes he:
his sword rips up anothers empty paunch;
the next limps off from him with half a haunch,
We must conceive 'twas time to lay about him,
for here were those that sought to eat, not rout him.
for scap'd he free, the rich sword-skarf he wore
about his loyns, they all to fitters tore.
his boots pluckt off by bits, some flesh to boot,
to quarter free from scars from head to foot.
and (to conclude) from these wild Irish *Lupanibus*
(witches *pos, witches*
that take
shapes of
wolves up-
on them in
Ireland.
He scapes scant with a hands breadth of his
(breeches.
Wearied with blows and kicks, at last they
(fly him,
And take a snarling leave as they go by him.
Thus Jones, half worried, hastes unto the camp,
There's none could say the cloathes he wore were
(damp
With night perdues, unless they meant to flout him,
For (to speak truth) he had no cloathes about him.
Thus come, he swears by the immortal powers,
He had maintain'd a battel full five houres,
With forty duels, five and twenty kill'd,
Routed the rest; who all had took the field

*Gainst

'Gainst him alone ; all rais'd with him to fight,
 To his destruction, or to eclipse his might,
 By that old timorous, treacherous kern Tyrone,
 Who durst as well meet death as him alone.
 The plightrour *Jones* appear'd in, made none doubt
 But he had had at least a devilish bout,
 If not with Devils ; on him each man seeth
 The fearful character of nails and teeth.
 We may not stand to shew what Essex's fence
 Was on these actions, nor the consequence
 They did import : the progress of this story
 Hastens our Muse to *Jones* his farther glory.
 Fame these atchievements brings to Englands State ;
 Which held the Queen and Council in debate
 About this man ; and all at last suppos'd,
 In policy he's now to be expos'd
 To the close dangerous plots of such a foe,
 Who neither values faith nor honour, so
 His mischiefs take success ; and thus the State
 Lose this dear Limb, and then repent too late.
 Some looking deeper into *Jones* his spirit,
 Knowing he knew too much of his own merit,
 Held it not safe he should be open to
 The windy baits of that so subtle foe,
 To gain him to his part ; whose haughty mind
 Would soon take fire ; then could not be confin'd.
 And if by such a plot they should be crost,
 They all conclude that Kingdom were quite lost.
 These grounds invite them wholly to decline
 His warfare there ; so on some grand design

pretended they invite his quick repair
To England's Court, to act this great affair:
He comes, but leaves his British troops to fight
Tyrone to death; whose acts who please to write,
May meet with subjects brave to rant upon;
But for my self, I am quite tyr'd with one.
And thus transported from the Irish strands,
At Aberyst with a Welch Port he lands;
Where ere two dayes he fully spent for rest;
A goodly vessel with cross winds oppress,
Comes boyling in; Jones by her colours knows
She is of Spain: his colour comes and goes
At sight of hers; that such a goodly prey,
Should come (as 'twere) to meet him in his way.
He musters strait a troop of British lads;
Who on their mountain geldings clapt their pads;
With rusty bills instead of staves in rest;
Such were their horse, such were their arms at best,
Then with a fowling-piece the ship they hail,
With confidence that she would straight strike sail:
But she makes answer, that she was too hot,
From her broad side with twenty Culverin shot.
This struck a stand, till Jones cry'd out, what doubt ye?
The day is ours, my matters lay about ye;
Lead the forlorn up bravely, and be bold,
He bring the rear, for they know me of old;
If once my name or person they descry,
My life for yours, they'll either yield or fly.
Made bold with this, in full career they ride
Up to the ridges of the flowing tide.

*A Town
and Port
in the
County of
Cardigan.*

But when they came breast-high amongst the waves,
Their horse more wise by half then these mad knaves,
Snort at the foaming billows, turn their tails,
And make a fair retreat from Sea and Sails;
Which lest it should seem done on terms of fear,
Jones to the front now hastens from the rear,
And leads them back again in good array,
Neither with hasty flight, nor much delay.
At his return he searcheth all that coast,
To find a herring-boat, or two at most;
With which he doubts not but he'll sink or take
This lusty Ship; whose bravest men will quake
To hear his name. But fate that had decreed
To save her, caus'd her hoysse her sails with speed;
So with a strong fore-wind away she flies,
And leaves our *Jones* to seek some other prize.
Thus cross't in his design, to Court he went,
Where he is met with noble complement;
And from the Queen such grace he doth receive,
As he deserv'd, and stood with her to give.
Now for the great affair that call'd him back,
The Lords must pump for't in a cup of Sack
To help invention: *Jones* must be preferr'd
To some employment, be it nere so hard.
In deep consult and long discourse they sat on't,
And studied for't; at last they lighted pat on't.
It is resolv'd, that he must be the man
To go in embassy to Prester John.
The business carried with't a glorious face;
Employ'd embassador unto his Grace.

aves,
naves,
The dangerous voyage to a place remote,
Affects him most to get his name more note
In forreign Lands ; he'l not refuse the work,
Were't to the Great *Mogul* , or the Great *Turk*.
A lusty Ship's prepar'd, again he goes ;
But what this great imployment was, who knows ?
Reader, I know thy thoughts are strongly bent
To know this first design, on which he went.
But know this first, that Princes secret wayes
Are such as Ships cut thorow deepest Seas,
Which shut still as they ope, and him that sounds
And enters too far in, their deepness drowns.
ed ; If bare conjectures may give light to thee,
Here take them freely ; harmless thoughts are free.
Perhaps this high-blown spirit now is sent
To forreign air, where it may purge and vent,
And so return more fit the State to serve
In their commands, who yet must him observe,
Perhaps he went this Priestly Prince to gain
Unto our Church ; who gave good proof in *Spain*
Of's power in this ; or to negotiate
Commerce between the *Aethiop* and our State,
For tusks of Elephants to haue our knives,
Apes, and Baboons, and Puggs, to please our wives ;
Which things satiety makes common there,
And curiosity orepriseth here.
Be't what it will, our *Jones* is gone upon't,
And we may know he will make something on't.
His treacherous friend, the Sea, his charge receives,
And with some flattering gales his hopes deceives,

The

F

Making

Making the Land, his firmer friend, appear
 Still less; untill at last it brought him where
 He lost her sight: for three months time he makes
 Good way; at last the wind his wings forsakes;
 The Ship's becalm'd, and for the Port she seeks,
 She gains not half a league for thirteen weeks.
Jones finds this lazie war offends him more,
 Then all those hideous storms out-rid before.
 These sad effects this sleepy calm attend,
 Victual and beverage spent; less hope of end.
 Then fear of further miseries ensues,
 The Sea with calms his patience doth abuse,
 Turns devilish Stares-man, puts on a smooth face,
 Salutes and kills them with a soft imbrace.
 'Twas now far worse with *Jones* then erst with *Skink*;
 For three weeks his own Urine is his drink,
 Which his hot body had so oft sublim'd,
 'Tis grow'n a cordial, like gold thrice calcin'd.
 Freezes of wind at last his sails display,
 And waft him into the Barbarick bay,
 Then to the Arabick, next the Pilot laves
 His boisterous charge in *Mare rubrum's* waves.
 And lastly, he attains, beyond all hope,
Errocco the sole Port of *Aethiope*;
 And here he lands, and empties many a bowl
 To allay the fury of his thirsty soul.
 After some rest he gets intelligence,
 Where 'twas the Prince then kept his residence;
 Where he repairs, and's told when he comes thither,
 The Prince and town are both remov'd together

Some

The Legend of Captain Jones.

31

Some ten miles off. The Prince and Town? (quoth
(Jones))

I have met my match: here's people make no bones
Of things beyond belief. And yet 'twas true;

This town was tents which fifty thousand drew,

And rais'd in th' instant wheresoever the Prince

Sate down to sport, or shew magnificence.

By Mount *Amara* now his Court he rears;

A Mount far differing from the name it bears: *Read Purchas in his*

If Paradise had ere a second birth

Below the seat of Saints, 'tis there on earth. *relations*

An humble valley is the Garden where *of Æthio-*

This Mount is rais'd; a vale so rich, so rare; *pia, town-*

Nature grew bankrupt drawing this rich plot; *ing this*

And striving to be quaint, she quite forgot *Mount.*

To keep reserves: for by this work we know,

She made it such she could make no more so.

Amidst this vale is rais'd this lofty structure,

Five leagues upright. It's outsid's architecture

Unpolish'd Marble; but so rich, so fair,

You'd think 't a pillar of one stone in th' air;

By some high power unto *Atlas* given;

To ease his shoulders whil't it proppeth Heaven.

This goodly Mount a specious plain doth crown,

Imboit with Nature's gemms, a velvet down

That's alwayes green; no frost, no winter here;

Continual Spring: here *Phœbus* all the year

From rise to set, doth alwayes fire his eye;

As loath to put so fair an object by.

Here grow those happy trees from whence there
(springs

That precious oyl which erst anoynted Kings,
And sacred Priests. Nor croud they here to take
One sense alone; the scent and sight partake.

So they are rank'd, as well to give a grace,
As sweet perfumes, for tribute to the place.

No Orchard here, nor Garden, but the Plain,
The choicest fruit all *Europe* doth contain,

Grow here unplanted, here's the luscious Grape,
That makes *Joves* Nectar: 'twas not *Helens* rape

That ruin'd *Troy*: the Apple got from thence The Apple
which three
goddesses,
Juno, Pal-
las, and
Had worth enough to do't. Here every sense
Would surfeit, but each objects rarity
Gives appetite without satiety:

Roses and Tulips *Flora* gathers here. (hair, Venus, co-
ronded for,
which was
given by
When we have none, to crown her golden
And here *Medea* pickt (if *Jones* speak truth)

Those herbs which turn'd antiquity to youth: Paris to
Venus:
The only Phoenix deignes to weather here,

The only place, like her, without a peer: whereupon
followed
the destru-
ction of
Lest all these sweets should want sweet har-
(mony,

A numerous quire of Nightingales comply Troy.
To warble forth the sweet *Amara's* praise,
Who turns their mourning notes to merry

(layes.
Amidst this plain there glides a silver brook,
So gently, that the subtil eye may look,
And find no motion; on his violet banks

Thick

The Legend of Captain Jones.

53

Thick Cypress-trees marshal themselves in ranks,
To keep out Phœbus ; whose inamour'd beams
Peep through each little crink to view his streams :
His pavement, azure gravel intermixt
With orient pearls, and diamonds betwixt ;
Which, as the air's soft breath his surface purles,
Vary their gloss, and twinkle through his curls :
Like a steel'd glass presenting to the eye
The spangled beauty of the starry sky.

Here Dolphins leave the sea to wanton ; here
Carps since the deluge their grown bodies cheer :
Umbrana's too ; such had * *Vitellius* known, * *A great*
A Province should have gone to purchase *Epheu e, and*
(one ; *Emperour*
of Rome.

Such is *Amara*, such is *Tempe* field,
Elysium on earth unparalleld,
'Twas here this royal Priest now kept his Court.
A place well suiting with his fame and port.
And here comes *Jones*, where having made's address,
Letters of credence given at his access,
In Latine writ : in the same tongue he gives
Jones gracious words ; which language *Jones* conceives
To be *Arabick*, for the Latine Tongue
He nere indur'd to learn nor old nor young.
But that's all one, there's no reply expected,
Unto a rich pavilion he's directed
By men of State, where he is well attended,
With all that's rich, and to his rest commended.
Some few dayes spent, and time for audience got,
When *Prefster John* in royal State was set ;

Jones studying how t'express his eloquence
 In some strange language which might poze the Prince,
 Now troubles him forth a full-mouth'd Welch oration,
 Boldly deliver'd as became his Nation.
 The plot prov'd right, for not one word of sence
 Could be pickt from't, which vex'd the learned Prince.
 His learned Linguists are call'd in to hear,
 Who might as well have stopt each others ear
 For ought they understood, and all protest
 It was the very language of the Beast.
Jones hath his end, and then to make it known
 He had more tongues t'express himself than one;
 In a new tone he speaks, not half so rich,
 But better known, 'twas *English*; unto which
 An *English* Factor is Interpreter
 Between our Caprain and *John Presbyter*;
 His business takes effect (what ere it was)
 And great expresses of respect do pass
 To *Jones* from him, as one he thought most rich
 In unknown tongues, exprest in his first speech,
 And so admires him for he knows not what:
 But *Jones* may thank his mother-tongue for that.
 His business done, he's led, for recreation,
 To take the pleasures of that pleasant Narion,
 To Mount *Amara's* top, the chiefest grace,
 And perfect beauty of that Kingdoms face;
 And finding his great heart was most enclin'd
 To Martial feats, all in one motion joyn'd
 T'invite him to their Desarts, where he might
 Make trial of his force in manly fight

With

The Legend of Captain Jones.

55

With their wild beasts, and promis'd him comforts
All truly try'd t'assist him in those sports.

The motion takes, a brave accoutred Horse,
And his own arms, he and's associate force

Advance to hunt; me thinks I see them all

Drawn to the life in canvass^e* gainst the wall, ^{* painted}
In som mean house made for good-fellowship, ^{cloths in}
How fierce they look, how brave they prance ^{Inns and}
^{victualling}
(and skip; houses.

With hounds and horns, and bills, and pikes and
(glaves,

And spears, and clubs, and many light-foot knaves:

In this brave equipage they march away

To the known haunts where these wild creatures
(prey.

*Twas Jones his trick of old to ride alone:

In hard adventures he'll admit of none

To share with him, from them he steals aside,

And in the desert by himself doth ride:

Nor rode he long till just against him stalks

A ramping Lion new come from his walks;

Jones draws, the furious beast, with fiery eyes

And bristled mane, against his bosom flies:

But his keen sword met full with his fore paws,

And whipt them off; and so he scap't his claws.

Nor staid it there, but gave a cruel wound

To his left jaw, and fell'd him to the ground.

Then nimbly wheels about, and stept aside,

Leaps from his horse, which to a tree he ty'd:

Then turns again, and with his sword falls to'r,

To end this combate with him foot to foot,
 The wounded beast with all his power doth hasten
 His fearful fangs in *Jones* his throat to fasten.
 Whilst on's hin feet he assaults him bolt upright,
 With left hand arm'd, *Jones* stuns him with the right
 Strikes both his hin legs off: yet on his stamps
 The noble beast unconquer'd, fiercely jumps
 Full at his face with open mouth, and there,
 (For his grim face could raise in *Jones* no fear)
 In shoots the deadly blade, and out behind,
 Where't makes a second vent for lifes short wind;
 This thrust with right hand arm'd so home was lent,
 That hand and hilt quite through together went:
 Where taking hold of his strong stern (for truth
 He swears) he drew't quite through his trunk this

(mouth,

Then with fine force (the like was never seen)
 He strips his inside out, and's outside in,
 Thus tergiverst upon his steed he flings him,
 Then mounts himself, and to the Court he brings him.
 Never was Royal beast so grossly jaded,
 But 'twas his fa'e which could not be evaded:
 Unto the gallants of the Court he shews
 How hard th' adventure was, what thrusts, what blows;
 On every circumstance he doth dilate;
 Nor adds he much to truth, nor much doth bate:
 For what he spake, the Lyon made it good
 With loss of his four legs, and his best blood.
 This strang achievement strikes them all with wonder,
 'Twas never seen since *Greeces Alexander*.

Lysima-

The Legend of Captain Jones.

57

Lyfimachus, Lifander, nor Perdicar,
Nor any of his Chiefs, ere did the like as
Our *Jones* in this: 'Tis true, they write they

Read Cur-
tius, touch-
ing these.

(kill'd,

In single fight, some few of these in field;

But here's a force born with a higher sail,
Transferring tayl to head, and head to tayl.

The Prince in words this high atchievement prais'd:

But inward fear and jealousy it rais'd

Of our brave Queen, whose Scepter doth command
Such men whose power no Nation can withstand.

Jones might so far on his own strength presume, as

To seize his Throne, as * *Cortez Montezuma's* * A private

Had done before. These thoughts he oft re-

(voves

Spanish

Command-

der, that

took this

great King

of Mexico

with a

handful of

men.

With troubled mind, and so in fine resolves

To shift him thence; makes for his fair pre-

(tence,

Matter of high and hasty consequence,

To be with speed convey'd unto our Queen;

Except her self it must by none be seen.

This past on *Jones*, who parts with high content,

Nobly presented with fair complement.

Amongst the rest, a Parrot that could speak

All tongues but *Jones* his own; that had a beak

Of perfect coral, plum'd as white as snow:

This he accepts, and so to sea doth go:

Where under sail such welcome he receives,

As one dire foe unto another gives.

With calms, and storms, and winds, all cross, that bear

The

The ship quite off the course that she would steer,
 Long time thus spent, into a Bay he drives,
 And at a Port unknown at last arrives :
 Where he beholds a glorious Castle built
 High on a cliff, whose walls pure gold, or gilt
 To him appear'd. Which object caus'd him land,
 To know who did this Princely seat command.
 He's told it is the Queen of *No-lands* place,
 The onely Relict of her Royal race,
 A Maiden Queen that here doth keep her Court,
 Where many Kings, and Princes of high port
 Make their address, and lose themselves in love,
 To purchase hers; for nor a man can move
 Her heart to wed, though nere so great his state,
 Of form exact, such was the will of Fate.
 Here as he stands, a large Cannow was sent
 To know from whence he was, and whither bent.
 In this a Dutch-man came by happy Fate,
 Who could his Language to the Queen translate.
 This man he tell, as briefly as he can,
 His voyage from his Queen to *Prestor John* :
 How by cross winds in his return he's blown,
 And forc'd into this port to him unknown.
Jones is resolv'd to see, and to be seen
 Of this great Princess, that our virgin Queen
 Might know, when he returns, what form, what port
 This Royal virgin carried in her Court.
 Thus like an errant Knight all arm'd compleat,
 He marcheth boldly to her Palace gate,
 All massie polish'd brass; at his first ward,

The Legend of Captain Jones.

59

er, milk-white Panthers fierce were clam'd for guard,
ence through a large and specious Court he past,
d so ascends twelve Ivory steps at last,
th ebon columns, unto which were ty'd
elve sharp-kept Lyons, who all yawned wide
hen strangers did approach. Jones through them
(all
safely guarded to a goodly Hall.
om thence ascends to rooms of greater state,
d comes at last where th' Princess Royal sate
on a strange rich bed, not stuff'd with down,
t closely wrought, and like a bladder blown;
ree *Ethiops* on each side, to fan the air
th Ostridge plumes, perfum'd, as rich as fair.
er beauty could not boast of white and red,
t jet-like black; about her crisp curl'd head
nd cheeks, there hang rich flaming stones and pearls,
at past *Mark Anthony's Egyptian* girls.
brief; if *Tuscan* liv'd to limne the night
arkling with stars, this were her picture right.
o sooner in her sight doth Jones appear,
hen to her heart his piercing eyes shot fire;
Which *Cupid* blows and rais'd into a flame,
that warms her zeal to invoke his name.
o part of Jones but in her eye exceeds
ll humane shape; some god he must be needs.
ut when at her request he doth relate
he chances of his past and present state;
ever was ear with *Orpheus* harp posselt
s hers with Jones, whil't he his life exprest.

Those

Those that have warm'd themselves by these *stre*

(fi

May easily guess what fruits her wild desires
 Produc'd to *Jones*; The observance of the Court,
 With feasts and banquets, and all Princely sport,
 Are at his foot: he cannot name nor wish
 That meat he likes, but straight 'tis in his dish.
 In this high state some months he takes his ease,
 Whil't this sick Princess feeds on her disease:
 At last a sharp alarm damps these desires,
 Which threatned death, but could not quench her fire.
 A Prince there was, mighty in bulk and mind,
 Whose Kingdoms confines unto *No land* joyn'd:
 Descended in his race from *Og of Basan*;
 You'd think his very name might well amaze one,
Bahader Cham Mombaza's King; h'had been
 A long hot suiter to this mighty Queen,
 But still repuls'd: now this unruly fire
 Suppress'd with scorn, breaks forth from love to ire.
 A mighty host he rais'd, and marcheth through
 The heart of *No-land*, to command, not woo:
 Approaching neer her Court, he sends her word
 She must be his own Queen at bed and board,
 Or see her Kingdom burn in higher flames,
 Then his for her: yet (for his spirit shames
 To war with women) if she can find out
 One man in all her Realm, that is so stout,
 In her defence, with him his sword to try,
 He'll bravely win her, or he'll bravely dye.
 Her Courtiers quail'd at this, who knew his force

Coul

The Legend of Captain Jones.

61

ould not be parallel'd by man nor horse.
or could it choose but make the Queen look black,
or pale. Th'Interpreter at *Jones* his back
burds in his ear this proud imperious speech;
ad she been thence, h'had bid him kiss his breech
or this proud message: up howere he starts,
ad this loud answer with his mouth he farts;
o tell *Bahader Cham*, *Mombaza's* King,
he *Mars* begot in's wrath will have a fling
With him ere night; that one who at one breath
on *Dego* and *Gonzago* did to death,
Will look him dead; nor will I only be
his Princess champion, but (thy *Cham* to see)
le walk through beds of Scorpions: for I hear
he dares enough, and I can brook no peer.
his high reply nere mov'd the haughty *Cham*,
et *Jones* be what he will, he's still the same.
The day's his own before the fights begun,
Were *Mars* himself instead of *Mars* his Son.
A back and brest and helmer strong he dond,
Well wrought and varnish'd by some Indian hand,
A whale-bone bow he takes of special strength,
With arrows barb'd, at least two yards in length:
A crooked Scimiter whose edge was flint,
Queintly conjoyn'd, and some tough spell was in't,
To make it proof against the strength of steel.
Oft had this sword made head-strong Giants reel
By his right side a massie Mace he hangs,
With which his sturdy foes to death he bangs.
A buckler like a Spanish ruff he wore

About

About his neck, full half yard deep, or more;
 He wore not this for his defence, or grace,
 But to keep off his urine from his face.
 For you must know that member was still mounted
 The bravest womans man on earth accounted.
 And thus prepar'd, this lusty Termagent,
 Ascends his Castle on his Elephant.
 And then advanceth to a spacious Green,
 Before the Castle of this maiden Queen.
 A brave *Arabian* courser is prepar'd
 For *Jones*, his own true arms he dons for guard,
Llewellins sword to do; and so descends
 Down to the Green, where the fierce *Cham* attends,
Jones was to seek what kind of fight were best,
 To make against this Gyant and his beast.
 Both far exceed in strength himself and horse,
 And therefore art now must be joyn'd with force:
 No brest to brest, a nimble charge, and gone,
 His ready steed as soon comes off as on.
 Had not the well-try'd arms he wore prov'd true,
 The *Chams* smart whale-bone bow had made him rue
 This bold attempt: but what can whales weak bones,
 When whales themselves come short to swallow
 (Jones)
 Thus thrice he charg'd, and thrice he came off clear,
 At last he came close up in full career,
 And turning short, the horses hind feet slip:
 Through which mischance the Carry-castle ript,
 His bowels forth with's tusk; down falls the horse:
 The furious beast clasp: *Jones* with his proboscis;

The Legend of Captain Jones.

63

nd mounts him high: but in his rise he found
he means to give *Behaders* face a wound;
nd cuts, in th' instant, off the trunk that clasp't him:
ted down the Elephant was forc't to cast him.

his hard exploit none ere perform'd before,
ut one of *Casars* Soldiers, and no more.

he wounded beast inrag'd with pain cries
(out
Read the
Commenta-
ries de bello
Africano.

With hideous voice, and plung'd and
(branc'd about

the Green, till from his seat the Prince he throw'th,
nd then (for by the *Cham*, from his first growth,
nds, his feat he had been taught) though mad with pain,
e strives to mount him on his back again.

ut *Jones* had lopt off his strong trunk before,
Whereby he could perform this feat no more.

ere *Jones* denies he bred this docile beast,
aught to his hand, he got him in the East;

nd his report must have belief before us,
Who swears it was the same that carry'd

gainst the *Macedon*. I cannot see (be,
(* *Porus* *Curius*,
touching
that Ele-
phant of
Porus, who

ow by wise natures rules this thing should
nless in *Pliny's* Volumes it appears, *often re-*
mounted

at Elephants may live two thousand years. *his master*
with his
trunk in

ow *Jones* leaps up in haste, and swiftly flies, *that battel*
With sword in hand, where bruis'd *Behader* *between*
(lies; *him and*
Alexander.

nd ere he could get up, one swashing stroke
his head & buckler from his shoulders took;

Which

Which when 'twas off, they may compare't that will
 To the grim St. Johns head on *Ludgate-hill*.
 His numerous army struck with grief and fright
 At his sad fate, betook it self to flight,
 And thus was *No-lands* Queen redeem'd by *Jones*
 From bondage, rape, and *No-lands* loss at once,
 Now, if she lov'd our Captain well before,
 In reason she must love him ten times more,
 Which she exprest by laying at his foot
 Her people, *No-land*, and her self to boot :
 But, whether 'twas the god of loves deep curse,
 That she refus'd, for better or for worse,
 Those mighty Princes which to her he sent,
 To make her dote on a non-resident ;
 Flings snow-balls at his heart, and flames at hers ;
 To keep conjunction from these errant Stars ;
 Or whether *Jones* his genitals had got
 Some lame defect by *Skinks* late desperate shot.
 And so his noble heart made him refuse
 What having got he could not rightly use.
 'Tis not in me to judge ; but this I know,
 Her violent fires scorcht her, and him his snow
 So coold, that to avoid her amorous sight
 He leaves her Court, and steals to sea by night.
 So *Jason* us'd *Medea* erst, but hee's
 So wise to take with him the golden fleece,
 Which *Jones* contemn'd to do, and thought himself,
 When safe return'd, his countries Mine of wealth,
 No certain ground I have here to relate
 This great deserted Quee. as unhappy fate :

But

But Sir John Mandevils, who doth deliver,
As Jones reports, he came soon after thither;
And found the peoples out-side all in black;
A sad expression for their Princess wrack.
Who told him; lately there arriv'd a man,
All white, who for them wondrous things had done:
Redeem'd their Queen and Kingdom from the shame
Of rape and rapine, which Babader Chah
Came there to act, and was in open field,
By this white man, in single combate kill'd.
Their Queen enamor'd with this matchless man,
Refus'd and left by him: when nothing can
Quench her wild fires but Carthage Queens hard fate,
Whilst on the Cliff with pensive thoughts she sate,
A sudden spring she gave, and so commends
Her self to sea, where life and love she ends.
No more of this sad stuff: let's all at once
Joyn in a joyfull welcome home to Jones.
In six months sail he steers by Godwin sands,
Casts Anchor at the Downs: the next day lands,
Hastes to the Queen at London, there express
Every particular of his addresses
To *Prefter John*; the great affairs success
As she desir'd: Lattly, in his progress,
He might have married the great Queen of No-land,
But this the Queen gave credit to at no hand,
Till 'twas confirm'd by Sir John Mandevil,
Whose strange reports they may believe that will.
Now let us well observe the happy Fate,
Which still provided for the Queen and State.

Jones had not rested fully three dayes here,
 But out there breaks a great and fearful fire
 Of strong rebellion; and to quench it, none's
 So fit, in common sence, as Captain Jones.
 Brave *Essex* through affronts turn'd male-content,
 Hatches in's breast a desperate intent,
 To seize the Person of the Queen, and those
 He found most near about her, his strong foes.
 Her Grace and Council call for Jones, to know
 What in his judgment now were best to do.
 Who first her gracious pardon doth beseech,
 And then delivers this short pithy speech.
 First guard the Court with *Westminster's* strong bands
 Call in the neighbouring Counties by commands.
 Out with your household men, shut up your Gates;
 We'll make your foes turn tail with broken pates.
 Then call to you the richest of your Citty,
 But seek no cash; for in their bags their wits
 Are close knit up: but onely thus much make
 Them know, their wives and fortunes lye at stake;
 That they shall want no succour, whilst your hand
 Can grasp the sword, and Scepter of this Land.
 Thus arm their hearts, & rouze them from their beds
 And then let us alone to arm their heads.
 She now requires, that Jones in person go
 To *Essex*, his intents to sound and know:
 To use all fairest means that may reduce him
 From those leud wayes to which lost men seduce him
 He undertakes it; hastens to the Lord,
 And is admitted in as soon as heard.

And I
 Some
 He k
 But to
 There
 Shaki
 Bids l
 He'l
 Rawl
 Give
 Then
 How
 How
 OF E
 Thus
 His h
 Besid
 Nere
 Yet l
 Ther
 Thus
 In th
 Lay l
 Tue
 Be y
 Your
 Thus
 He is
 Him
 And

And here he finds Sr. *Walter Rawleigh* with him ;
Some ill was in't, his fancy straight doth give him.
He knew he came not to the Earl for good,
But to provoke him to some madder mood.
Therefore from thence our *Jones* doth *Rawleigh* rate,
Shaking his martial truncheon o're his pate :
Bids him pack thence to th' knaves of his Grand Jury,
He'l make him else th'example of his fury.
Rawleigh was wise, and rul'd by his best sense,
Gives place to time, and so withdraws from thence.
Then *Jones* these Counsels to the Earl began,
How full of dangers were the wayes he ran.
How weak his power ; much less unto the force
Of *Englands*, than his Rain-deer's to a horse.
Thus his brave Family must be destroy'd,
His honours lost, his ancient house made void :
Besides, his cause was naught ; for though himself
Nere read the Laws of this great Common-wealth,
Yet he had heard some Lawyer say long since,
There was no law to captivate our Prince.
Thus all the harmles blood that shall be spilt
In this bad cause, must lye on *Essex* guilt.
Lay hand on heart, most noble peer, (quoth *Jones*)
The Queen can pardon, and enrich at once.
Be you but good, she can be gracious,
Your own experience can inform you thus.
Thus *Jones* possesst his noble heart so far,
He is resolv'd to wave the chance of war ;
Himself and house he yields unto the Queen,
And her cold mercy, which too soon was seen.

This is the last great act I can relate,
 Of his good service for the Queen and State :
 Rewards fit for his worth there were prepar'd,
 Which his high spirit pass'd by without regard ;
 And his great Queen was seriously bent
 To put him in some place of government ;
 But nature onely taught the man to fight,
 And his rude Mother not to read and write.
 Which was the chiefest cause that made him hate
 To be employ'd in mysteries of State.
 Besides, he was not pleas'd that her Grace
 Cut off this Noble man before his face,
 Whom he brought in ; it may be his own lot,
 With ax or cord for nought to go to pot,
 Thus ignorance, a discontented mind,
 And worth ill weigh'd, do make him fall behind
 Occasions lock ; which lost he never more,
 Though bred and breath'd on hills, shall get before.
 Now time and bruises, and much loss of blood,
 Had made Jones feel cold age was not so good
 A fiery youth ; he needs must find a fail
 Of what he was ; declin'd from top to tail.
 Which made him wish he might put up his rest,
 And breathe his last in his own Countries brest,
 And for this cause he went unto her Grace,
 And begg'd of her a Muster-masters place,
 In *Wales*, near his first home ; where he may spend
 His later dayes in peace, and in it end :
 And yet to leave behind his martial art,
 To *Wale's* posterity, before he part.

The Legend of Captain Jones.

69

his sute with speed and readines is granted,
And so to *Wales* our Muster-master's janted.
Here many years he spent in telling more,
Or less, of those strange things he did before :
At last, in his old age, he grows so wild,
He needs must marry, to beget a child.
Which though he mist, the mastery he must have
O're every sex, *Jones* sent her to her grave.
Devotion now with his old age increast,
He meditates thrice every day at least.
His only prayer was the Absolution,
In our old Liturgy, with some confusion
Of short ejaculations in his bed,
For some old slips, and for the blood he shed ;
Especially for those six Kings he kill'd,
Without remorse, at the Juzippian field :
At last death comes, whose power he defi'd
From first to last; and, thus he liv'd and di'd.
Now, you wild blades that make loose lins your stage
To vapour forth the acts of this sad age,
Your *Edghill* fight, the *Newberies* and the West,
And Northern clashes ; where you still fought best :
Your strange escapes, your dangers voyd of fear,
When bullets flew between the head and ear :
Your *pia matters* rent, perisht your guts,
Yet live, as then ye had been but earthen butts :
Whether you fought by Dam me, or the Spirit,
To you I speak, still waving men of merit,
Be modest in your tales, if you exceed
My Captain's hard achievements, I'll proceed

Once

The Legend of Captain Jones.

Once more to imp my rural muses wings,
 And tune my lyre so high, I'll break her strings,
 But I will reach ye, and thence raise such laughter,
 As shall continue for five ages after.

The Captains Elegie.

ANd art thou gone brave man? hath conquering death
 Put a full period to thy blustering breath?
 Thus hath she plaid her master-piece? and here
 Fixt her nil supra on thy sable biere?
 Scap'st thou those hideous storms, those horrid fights
 With many Giants, cruel beasts, fierce Knights?
 Such dangerous stratagems, such foes intrapping,
 And now hath death don't? sure he took thee napping;
 For hadst thou been awake to use thy sword,
 She would have shun'd thee, and have ta'en thy word
 For thy appearance, till the last return
 Of her long term. Or did thy mettle burn
 Through thy chapt clay unto Elysiums shades
 To encounter with the ghosts of those old blades,
 Great Cæsar, Scipio, Hannibal; 'cause here
 Thy fiery spirit could not find its peer?
 How couldst thou else find time to fold thy arms
 In the still grave, now Mars rains bloody storms
 On Christian earth? great Austria would be ours
 Without pitch field, without beleaguering towers:
 Wert thou but here, thy sword would strike the stroke
 To break or bring their necks to Britains yoke.

An Elegie on Captain Jones.

72

Perhaps it was the providence of Fate,
To snatch thee up, lest thou should'st come too late,
Now souldiers drop pol-mel, whose souls might thrust
Thine from the chiefest place, which thou from first
Hast gain'd on earth; now what shall England do?
Limp like some grandame that hath lost her shoes.
Put case a new Tyrone again should spring
From his old urn, or some such furious thing
As fierce Mac-kil-cow, where were then our Jones,
To bring these Rebels on their marrow bones?
Or say, gainst Spain our pikes we re-advance,
For their old Sack, as such a thing may chance,
Where shall we then find out that Martial man,
That kill'd six thousand with nine score? he's gone
And we that lick the dish that Homer laps in,
What fury now shall our dull brains be rapt in?
We must go sing Sr. Lancelot, and rehearse
Old Huan's villanous prose in wilder verse;
Or else put up our pipes, and all at once,
Cry, farewell wit: all's gone with Captain Jones.
Well, go thy wayes (old blade, th' hast done thy share
For things beyond belief; time (never fear)
Will give thee being here: th' hast left us stuff
To build thy Pyramid, more than enough,
To equal Cayre's, and haply 'twil out-last it,
So with thy glorious deeds we may rough cast it,
Farewel great soul, and take this praise with many
Except thy foes, thou nere didst harme to any:
And thus far let our Muse thy loss deplore,
Well she may sigh, but she shall nere sing more.

HIS



HIS EPITAPH.

T Read softly (mortals) o're the bones
Of the worlds wonder, Captain Jones;
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believ'd of any:
Posterity, let this suffice,
He swore all's true, yet here he lyes.

FINIS



